

## SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

BY A RAMBLER ON THE FRENCH COAST.

I saw a smith stand with his hammer thus,  
The while his iron did on the anvil cool.— *King John*.

So these worthy people sat down to dinner presently. They talked about war and glory, and Boney and Lord Wellington, and the last *Gazette*.— *Vanity Fair*.

Stetimus tela aspera contra,  
Contulimusque manus.— *Virgil*.

England and France for the World!— VICTOR JACQUEMONT. (1830.)

Rambling the other day along the heights in the neighbourhood of Boulogne, I stopped on a jutting crag, and began picturing to myself the probable aspect of that lonely coast by night in the event of the apprehended invasion.\*

I saw, in fancy, the vast, white, moonlit camp; the lurid signal-fires; the sentinels pacing the cliffs— black silhouettes, detached from the gray sky only by the gleaming of their bayonets; the embarking regiments— dark masses dotted with glittering points, continually absorbed by the ocean, and continually renewed; the boats— inky, fluctuating streaks on the silver-crested umber of the waves; and farther out, in the misty offing, a line of giant hulls, motionless and black, each with a broad pennant of smoke streaming sluggishly from its great funnel. No martial sounds— drum-beat nor trumpet-snarl— disturbed the midnight silence. Only the hum of innumerable voices floated vaguely over the camp; while from the ocean came a sound of muffled oars, mixed with the far-off clank of cables weighing anchor . . .

So, touch by touch, the panorama grew; till at last the intolerable bleakness of the wind drove me from my unsheltered position. Wrapping my cloak around me I struck inland; and made for a village-spire some two or three miles off.

As I walked briskly on, this phantom-show soon faded from my mind; and through its dissolving mist new pictures brightened, in a connected series.

First, as I pondered, came the "dogs of war." I saw the jewelled crown of Spain flashing with a sinister light; I saw the feverish seething of Italian blood; I saw new avalanches gathering

\* It is not of French bayonets, but of French ideas, that the invasion is now apprehended. These 'Signs of the Times' were noted in January last; and some remarks on their relation to subsequent events will be found in the Postscript.

on the Alps. I passed in review the rival courts of London and Petersburg, of Paris, Vienna, and Madrid; their clashing interests, and tortuous diplomacy— envenomed by secret grudges and personal antipathies. I considered the tremendous stakes for which these restless gamblers play; and I trembled to think how soon, and how suddenly, the disastrous Apple might be cast upon the board.

And then, in a nobler procession, the pacific and humanizing influences that are at work throughout the world, passed in review before me. I saw the sickle gleaming in the corn— the rapid shuttle flying through the web— the drossy ore transmuted in the fire. I saw lone husbandmen and swarming artisans striving for Nature's slowly-yielded treasure; careless of courtly intrigues, and of the baubles for which kings contend. I saw the quays heaped with merchandise,— the sea covered with ships; I saw vast galleries glowing with forms of beauty; I heard the humming of a thousand schools. I saw the blue-lined railway, traversing continents, piercing mountains, connecting distant seas; while, stretched beside it, ran Electric harp-strings, trembling with the music of human thought. And then I saw a little child governing with tiny hand, the motion of a gigantic machine. He fed it with blank sheets of senseless cotton; and drew forth living pages— rich with divine philosophy, with music, and with immortal verse. And I saw countless thousands reading these pages; and the sound of their voices as they read was solemn and harmonious— like the murmur of a distant ocean, or of a forest stirred by gentle winds.

And the more I considered these things, the more it seemed to me that the powers of Nature are on the side of peace; and that whereas the elements of discord are superficial, transitory, and mean, like the feverish passions whence they spring; the sources of Order, on the contrary, are deep, enduring, and majestic, as the eternal harmonies which they reflect.

So musing, I reached the brow of a hill; and, raising my eyes, saw at a distance the town of Boulogne, reclining on the slope of a hill, washed by the sea below, and crowned with crumbling fortifications. As I contemplated its modern, "mast-thronged port," and "the roundure of its old-faced walls," its mixed aspect set me think-

ing of its manners, equally mixed; of its half-French, half-English population. It struck me that influences peculiarly favorable to peace must be at work here; that a society so composed must be, in some sort, a school of international assimilation. "Here," thought I, "the French and English are thrown together as neighbours and fellow-townsmen, having many common interests and occupations. They meet in the church, the market, the assembly-rooms; they trade, dine, dance together; form friendships; and sometimes intermarry. In such conditions it seems hardly possible for mutual animosity and mistrust to prevail; the old prejudices must be withering off like deciduous leaves, and giving place to healthy shoots of just and liberal appreciation. If so, these Channel-ports have an important transitional function. In the great laboratory of Europe they are the alembics wherein two kinds of blood may touch and interfuse. And every experiment of this kind is a step towards that universal fraternity to which Man instinctively tends."\*

Revolving all these things in my mind, I came to a point where three roads met; and stopped to consider my way. As I looked to and fro, my eye was caught by the picturesque chiaroscuro of a blacksmith's forge hard by. The stalwart arms and smirched faces of the men at work shewed through the dusky air, half black, half reddened by the glowing furnace; the great bellows creaked and roared; the white-hot iron hissed on the blue anvil; one little hammer danced rhythmically on its ringing surface; while two monstrous ones swang by turns through the air, spreading at each ponderous descent a shower of dazzling sparks.

As I stood gazing in the middle of the road, a sturdy fellow, evidently English, came up; whom, by his dress, and by a morose-looking

bull-dog that accompanied him, I judged to be a groom. Seeing me there he stopped too; and, champing a straw which he carried in his mouth, looked on for awhile in silence.

The bull-dog, who had a torn lip, and a wound (doubtless honorable) on his fore-paw, limped up and sat down at the groom's feet: where, after licking his paw for awhile, he curled himself comfortably up, and dropped into a watchful doze.

"Strong fellows, them, sir," said the groom, civilly.

"Ay, indeed!" I replied.

"No one wouldn't hardly credit they was Frenchmen; would they, sir?"

"You think not?"

"Lord bless you, sir, not one in a hundred, without they heared their lingo!"

Just then the music of the anvil ceased; the bellows left off breathing; the fire dwindled to a spark; the great hammers reposed on their heads on the ground; and the biggest fellow of the three advanced towards the light, holding the horse-shoe, still glowing, in his iron tongs. He looked at it flatways and edgeways, and then held it up and lighted his pipe by it.

While he was thus engaged, a sudden snarl issued from the depths of the shed, and a pair of eyes glared red beneath the work-bench. Next moment a great mastiff sprang forth, grinning hideously, with his white teeth unsheathed up to the gums, and back to the very hinges of his jaws. By his furious barking, and the blood-thirsty fire of his distended eyeballs, I expected to see him rush at once upon the bull-dog. But he stood hesitating on the threshold; and, quivering with rage, appeared to measure his adversary's strength.

"The projected invasion!" thought I, laughing.

The sleeping bull-dog, to do him justice, was on his feet in an instant; and retorted the very first war-note with a savage growl. With bristles erect, fangs bared, and hatred-flashing eyes, he advanced towards his assailant; and, planting his square chest stubbornly on his short bow-legs, shook his lean ribs with deep-fetched blasts of defiance.

"G-r-r-r, Boxer!" said the groom. "Back, stupid! Don't you see he's twice your weight, you fool?"

At this rebuke the bull-dog came sulkily back; and, sitting down behind his master's legs, scowled round them at the enemy.

"The English fortifications!" said I to myself.

As the two dogs watched each other, muttering and shewing their teeth, I could not help thinking of Tennyson's line,—

\* The recent expulsion of the English workmen from Rouen by their French comrades, seems at first sight to invalidate this remark. The inconsistency, however, is only apparent. Such dissensions between foreign workmen are not engendered by international ill-will. They spring from motives which are equally inactive in their operation, equally deplorable in their results, between fellow-countrymen—even between kinsmen—when forced into hostile and ruinous competition. The mines, workshops, and factories of our own country, are battle-fields in which capitalist is pitted against capitalist—master against workman—the workman himself against his unemployed competitor. Until this anarchy of divergent interests is reduced to an organized equilibrium, every oscillation in the markets of labor and produce must continue to bring ruin, strife, and bitter animosities, in its train. Kindly feeling naturally gives way before the terrible apprehension of want. Good fellowship returns with abundance. Thus viewed, the facts in question tend to confirm my remark. At Rouen there was considerable distress, and the French workmen found their wages lowered by foreign competition. At Boulogne, where no such reduction is attributed to the English workmen, they have not been molested.

And the nations do but murmur, snarling at each other's heels.

Meanwhile the blacksmith stood in the doorway, smoking, and curiously surveying the groom's attire.

"There's shoulders!" said my companion, in a low, admiring tone. "And look at them arms!"

They were, indeed, of Herculean mould.

"Double X is a very good thing, sir," said the groom; "and thrubble X is better. Roast beef is good. Christmas-pudden is good. In steaks they can't come nigh us; and their drink is rot. But I tell you what it is, sir," said he, dropping his voice a little, "whatever they live on, frogs or frigazees, I have seen some here, both men and dogs, as one of our'n could n't tackle three on — not by a very long chalk!"

"And yet three is the regulation number," said I, laughing.

He shook his head, still eyeing the unconscious blacksmith, who puffed away cheerfully, looking up and down the road.

"And he don't look like a White feather, neither; do he sir?" said the groom.

He certainly did not; in any sense of the expression.

"And wheresomever he come from, there's plenty more of the same sort?" continued the groom.

"Ah, to be sure!" I replied.

"Regiments on 'em," said he.

"Squadrons," said I.

"One to three," he resumed, thoughtfully, "is ten to thirty. Ten thousand to thirty thousand. It wouldn't act, sir, would it?"

"I fancy not," said I.

"It would not," he rejoined. "It may sound strange to English ears; but we could n't come it."

"But suppose the numbers equal?" I suggested.

"Very true, sir," he replied, quickly. "Ekal, I don't say no. And I should n't be the man to be back'ard. But, arter all, sir, where's the good on it? I say, 'Let dogs delight.'"

"Certainly," said I, "I quite agree with you."

"And cocks," added he. "A good cock-fight is beautiful. But as to men," he continued, "since I come across, to-morrow is a week, my thoughts is changed surprising."

"As how?" I asked.

"Why, I used to think like Jack Bullock, as keeps the British Lion down our mews; and now I think quite the contrary. I says to myself, for instance, 'Tom,' says I, 'why put your head in the place of that anvil?' says I."

"You should put that question to Jack Bullock," I observed, smiling.

"I mean to, sir," he cried, "directly I get back. I shall say, 'Jack,' says I, 'is your head a horseshoe?' says I. 'Is its nature hard knocks?' says I. Oh, you may leave me alone to pitch it pretty strong!"

I laughed; and shortly afterwards he bade me "Good-day," and walked on.

I looked after him, as he trudged along the road, with his savage dog at his heels.

"Now there goes a practical missionary of peace," thought I. "That bull-baiting fellow will do more to check warlike tendencies in the stable-yards and cock-pits of his neighbourhood, than a dozen theoretic philanthropists. He mixes with the very class whose prejudices and brutal propensities stand in the most need of correction. He speaks their language and understands their particular logic. And, in whatever pot-houses and prize-rings he tells of these French blacksmiths, he will propagate feelings of international esteem, and unconsciously disseminate germs of order and fraternity. . . . "Go thy ways, then, rough apostle!" said I. "Thou, too, hast thy appointed task! *Toi aussi, tu apporteras une pierre 'au temple de l'Humanité!'*"

"*Au temple de l'Humanité!*" echoed a gruff voice. "*C'est ça. Bravo!*"

I looked round, and saw the blacksmith still leaning against the door-post. There was a good-humored smile upon his grimy face; and he nodded pleasantly to me.

"*Au temple de l'Humanité!*" he repeated. "*Ca me va! Bravo!*"

These words, which I had unconsciously spoken aloud, are the charms of one of Festau's popular songs.

There was an easy frankness in the blacksmith's bearing, and in his jovial eye, that pleased me mightily. So I approached, and gave him "Good-day!"

"Monsieur is English," said he; "so was the other; so was the dog. English all three: I could have told you anywhere."

"And how?" I inquired, tickled by this flattering juxtaposition.

"*Him*, by his breeches and boots," said the blacksmith, pointing along the road with the stem of his pipe. "*Him*," he added, depressing the tip of that instrument, "by his big, ugly head. *You*," he concluded, bringing the pipe, by a swivel movement of his wrist, to bear upon my chest, "by your big shirt-collars, and by the way your words grate against your teeth as they come out."

"Undeniable signs," said I, laughing.

"Oyez, Ingleesh, Milor. 'Ow you do? Ha! ha! ha!"

And he laughed heartily.



"Well, well!" he resumed, checking himself, "what signifies a little rust on the key, so it opens the door? I understand you perfectly. You understand our songs, too. And *that* one is the best that ever was forged. *Tenez!* I can shew it you."

He entered his shed as he spoke; and opening the drawer of his work-bench, produced a dirty scroll of paper, which unrolled itself in his hands to the length of fully two yards; so that, while he read one end, the other trailed upon the ground. Each part of the paper had come in for its share of the mud; and I thought that these vicissitudes of the poems, alternately bespattered and caressed, might typify, aptly enough, the chequered fortunes of the poets.

"*Le voici!*" said he, deepening with his thumb, as he spoke, the complexion of the indicated verse. "Monsieur knows the tune?"

And he shouted forth the first stanza in a stentorian voice, waving his tongs vigorously to the measure.

"Chorus, my lads!" he cried, turning to his two workmen.

And they all three roared in chorus, —

Soldats de paix! apportez une pierre  
Au temple de l'Humanité!

I joined in lustily; and so we went through the whole song — some twenty stanzas.

"*Bravo!*" cried the jolly blacksmith, when we had finished. "That's hearty. That's what I like. *Ca me va!*"

"It is a phalansterian song," I remarked. "Is Monsieur for that system?"

"*Ma foi!*" he replied, "I don't rightly know. It is a hardish word to understand. I am for all men being jolly together. *Que diable!* Life is short enough."

"In that case you are not for the invasion of England?" said I.

He made no reply; but put his pipe in his mouth, and rapidly got up its steam; looking hard at my face the while.

"Terrible rumours are afloat, you know," I insisted. "Dover is to be sacked some dark night, suddenly; London entered before morning; and the tricolor hoisted on the Tower battlements by noon. But you'd hardly, I fancy, forge pikes for *that* plot?"

He remained silent. A curious smile played, flickering, about his mouth; and he poured out great puffs of blue smoke — still eyeing me intently. All at once he exclaimed, —

"I will show you my wife." (*'Je m'en vais vous montrer ma femme.'*)

There was something so odd in this abrupt proposal, that I with difficulty suppressed a smile.

"Monsieur is very good," I replied, bowing.

"I shall have great pleasure in making Madame's acquaintance."

He said nothing, but went out into the road, and stepped to the door of a vine-clad cottage adjoining the workshop; I following.

He lifted the latch, and threw open the door.

"*Entrez,*" said he.

I bowed, and went in.

It was a large, low room, a sort of parlor-kitchen, tiled with glazed hexagons of bright red clay, and divided into two unequal compartments by a high screen stretching half across it. The smaller compartment was fitted up as a *cuisine*, with burnished copper stew-pans, and other such utensils. The more spacious compartment bore the aspect of a cottage sitting-room; and looked comfortable enough with its red drugget, its book-shelf, and its gaudily colored prints. One of these, I remember, represented the Virgin Mary, with her chest laid open so as to exhibit her heart, marked with a cross, and surmounted by a flame. Two others, the subject of which I did not then catch, on account of the glare on the glass, were decorated with bunches of holly and mistletoe. Over the brisk wood fire on the hearth a great boiler hung, rumbling, and emitting steam around the lid — which kept quivering, and jumping up, to let out the larger puffs. In front of the fire stood a table, covered with a clean napkin; and on another, in the recess of the window, stood a wicker cage, in which a beautiful white dove, with soft dark eyes, and delicate rose-dipt feet, sat peckling its snowy plumage. Near the cage lay a work-box; and some coarse blue knitting, transixed with two shining needles.

"*Ma femme!*" called the blacksmith.

He had scarcely spoken when the latch rattled, the door opened, and the figure of a woman, with a basket in her hand, stood sharply defined against the light. The position made her face indistinguishable, but exhibited to advantage the outline of a neat *tournure*.

"*Voilà ma femme!*" said the blacksmith. "Wife, here is an Englishman come to see you."

I bowed; and the figure immediately advanced into the room, presenting to my inquisitive regard features of singular beauty; a delicate blonde complexion (Gods! what a contrast to the smith's!) pure blue eyes; an open, waveless brow, shaded with auburn hair; and a sweet, cheerful smile, quite enchanting to behold.

She saluted me *in English!* and welcomed me, as a countryman, with evident pleasure.

I was delighted with the adventure; and I said so.

We sat down, and she chatted away eagerly about England — asking me all sorts of questions, especially concerning Dover, her native place.



As she talked, the blacksmith listened with exulting eyes; though, as I soon discovered, he did not understand a word of the conversation.

"You should teach your husband English," I remarked.

"I have been trying," replied she, laughing, "ever since our marriage, five years ago. But it is of no use,—he *will* talk French."

"And when you married him did you know French?" I inquired.

"Not a word."

"Then, how did your marriage come about?"

"I came over with Captain Smith's family as lady's-maid; and used to see Pierre every Sunday at church. He never *would* keep his eyes off me. The end of it was, that Captain Smith left—and I stayed behind."

"But how in the world did you manage your courtship—he not understanding English, nor you French?"

"Oh, it was easy enough! His eyes spoke so plainly!"

"And you?"

"I? Oh, I nodded my head."

"But all day long?"

"Pierre was at work, you know; and I used to go into the garden behind the shed, and look at him through the little window. I was quite satisfied with seeing him."

"Well, but in the evenings," said I—"the long winter evenings?"

"Oh, they passed so quickly! We loved each other so dearly!" said she, earnestly; and then she stopped short and blushed.

"What glowing pictures—" thought I, "what happy recollections—that rapid flush sums up!"

At this moment there was a scratching at the door; the string of the latch was violently agitated; and immediately afterwards the great mastiff burst into the room, dragging after him a little chubby urchin, some three or four years old, who held on dauntlessly by the dog's collar, and sorely buffeted his ribs. The dog only noticed these assaults by a good-natured wagging of his tail; and, from time to time, he turned his head, and licked the child's face with his broad tongue.

"You sha n't get away!" cried the little hero, out of breath. "How dare you lick my face!"

"Gently, Pierre, dear," said his mother. "Poor Phanor, come here!"

The noble brute laid his great head in her lap, and looked up into her face with his deep, friendly eyes—the very eyes that had, with such a wolfish fire, glared battle on the bulldog . . . merely because he was a stranger!

"Make us but known to each other, nations or dogs," thought I, "and all bad blood is healed. As Shakspeare says on like occasion—

This might have been prevented, and made whole,  
By very easy arguments of love."

Meanwhile the blacksmith stood erect, with folded arms, and contemplated the boy proudly.

"*V' la mon garçon!*" cried he—"and not badly forged neither! Ha! ha! ha!"

The child ran impetuously to his father, and strove to pluck the great tongs out of his hand—with sinister glances at the dog.

The blacksmith took the little fellow up in his arms; and pressed him fondly against his hairy chest; and ran his black fingers through his golden curls.

"Let me go, father!" cried the child, struggling;—his eyes still fixed on the dog.

The blacksmith laughed; and patted his glowing cheeks; and set him gently down; somewhat dirtier, to say truth, than when he took him up.

"What a figure the child is!" said his mother to me, confidentially. "Pierre always forgets;—but I would n't say a word for the world, he is so fond of him!"

"*Haud indecoro pulvere!*" thought I, looking at the smith's black hands.

Here the dog, having walked round the room, and taken a passing snuff at every thing, returned to the door; and setting his fore-paws against it, lifted the latch with his nose, and let himself out, the child following with a furious war-whoop.

"He's off!" cried the delighted blacksmith—"the rascal's off with my tongs!"

Order being thus restored, I inquired of my fair countrywoman whether her father and mother were still alive, and whether she ever saw them?

"Oh yes!" she replied. "They live at Dover with my brother, who is a pilot, and maintains them. He often comes across in his boat; and every year he takes me over to spend Christmas with them. Last time I took my dear mother over a warm jacket of my own knitting; and Pierre sent father some brandy; and my mother gave us those beautiful pictures, and all the holly and mistletoe round them."

I moved so as to see the pictures. They were colored lithographs; one of Queen Victoria; the other of the Prince of Wales, in the character of the 'Royal Tar.'

"*Eh bien!*" cried the blacksmith, with the same lambent, ironical smile, that I had before remarked, "What do you think *now*? How about those pikes? What do you say, Mary, *bichette*, shall we go across some dark night, and sack Dover, and burn the old folks in their beds?"

"*Fi, donc!* Pierre," said she, looking at him affectionately.

"Ah!" said the jolly blacksmith, "time was I would have fought fifty battles rather than see those pictures hanging up in my house. But I

was young, then, and fond of fighting—like my boy. I knew no better. *Que diable!* we have all been children."

Here there was a rap at the door; which being opened, a little French girl, with a brown face and bright-red arms, came in; and delivered a message from her mother, craving the loan of a *casseroles*: which being immediately supplied, the little postulant vanished,—like a slide out of a magic lantern.

"You are on friendly terms, I see, with your French neighbours," said I, to my blue-eyed acquaintance.

"Oh yes!" she replied. "They are all very kind; though at first, some of them didn't like Pierre having married *une Anglaise*. Especially M. Papouff."

"And who is M. Papouff?"

"An old soldier, who has served in Spain, and has only one leg, one arm, and one eye. He is covered with scars, and wears a great black patch. I believe he has a pension to live on; and he passes his time in smoking."

"And he disapproved of the match?"

"Extremely. The more so that, when he came to see us, I unfortunately made him angry."

"How was that?"

"He speaks a little Spanish; and, as I could not understand French, he spoke to me in Spanish."

"An ingenious thought," said I, laughing.

"He considered that the farther he went from what I *didn't* understand, the nearer he should get to something I *did*. So the schoolmaster explained it, at least"

"And how did you manage?"

"I made him no answer... how could I? I tried to smile—"

"You did not find *that* difficult," I interposed, with a bow.

"Indeed I did, though!" she rejoined. "For when I did not answer, he raised his voice—louder—and louder; till at last he absolutely bawled. He grew so red!"

"And you?"

"Oh, I was so frightened! He kept bringing his face nearer and nearer to mine, frowning dreadfully; and the great scar on his forehead mixed up with his frowns, and made him look quite hideous."

"And what happened?"

"Nothing—only I shrank away rather: and for years he never forgave me."

"And did his dislike for you extend also to your husband?"

"Not exactly so. But it made Pierre dislike him; and one day Pierre said a very unlucky thing."

"What was that?"

"I told you that M. Papouff has only one leg, one arm, and one eye. Pierre unfortunately said, that 'to cut off an ear would make him complete!'"

I fairly burst out laughing.

"Well, but," she continued, "Pierre ought not to have said so. I *think* he was a little wrong. For you know it was mocking a calamity."

"True," said I, resuming my gravity. "And what came of it?"

"It came home to M. Papouff's ears, and he was so angry! He would not even speak to us any more."

"What did you do?"

"I wrote and asked my dear mother's advice. She always knows what is best. And she wrote a long letter to Pierre, which I explained to him."

"And what did the letter advise?"

"It advised Pierre to go and beg M. Papouff's pardon."

"And did he go?"

"He was not much inclined. He said it was a man's part to stick to what he said, and to back it up, if need be, by force; but not to ask any man's pardon."

"Well?"

"Well, I considered all day; and, at dinner-time, I reminded Pierre that M. Papouff had only one arm. He made no answer, but sat thinking; and, after dinner, he put on his hat and went."

"And M. Papouff was reconciled of course?"

"I am sorry to say he was not. He *spoke* to us afterwards, certainly; but he always looked askance in a manner. He even said to the schoolmaster that the English were a bad set, and that no good would come of their harboring in the village."

"The cross-grained curmudgeon! I suppose you left him to himself?"

"No, I was always thinking about it. I waited for Christmas, that I might talk it over with my dear mother. She is always right."

"And what happened after all?"

"I will tell you. On Christmas-eve, at my mother's, my brother Jack read us a most beautiful book, and made us all cry."

"What book?" I inquired, with interest.

"It was about Tiny Tim, a poor little lame boy, who nearly died, but didn't. Oh, a beautiful book!"

[I thought, with Wordsworth, of

the simple beauty shown  
In labors that have touched the hearts of kings,  
And are endear'd to simple cottagers;

and the *Christmas Carol* and its author rose higher than ever in my estimation.]



"Well?" said I.

"Well," she replied, "coming back through Boulogne, I saw in a shop-window this very book translated into French; and an idea came into my head."

"What was that?"

"I thought that, as M. Papouff was lame, he would like to hear about Tiny Tim, who is lame too, and yet such a favorite with every one. So I bought the book."

"And sent it to him?"

"No, no! I begged Pierre to step round to his house, and ask him to come and dine with us, and particularly to say that we should have a dish of macaroni; for M. Papouff likes macaroni better than any thing."

"He accepted, no doubt," said I, laughing.

"Pierre said that he hummed a little; and asked, in a casual way, whether I dressed macaroni with scraped cheese. Now, *the fact is*, I used *not*. But Pierre said I did—and M. Papouff promised to come."

"And did he keep his word?"

"Yes, and we asked the schoolmaster to meet him. I was in such a tremble when they came! Especially about the macaroni; which I almost smothered with scraped cheese. I was really afraid I had put too much."

"And how did the dinner go off?"

"Most wretchedly. M. Papouff said that seven English queens had killed their husbands. The schoolmaster said he was wrong,—that it was an English king who had killed seven wives; I think he said seven. How they disputed! I really think they would never have stopped but for the macaroni——"

"And the scraped cheese," said I, laughing.

"Yes. The schoolmaster, who is a good-natured man, helped M. Papouff to nearly half the dish; and I took care to keep another plateful for him besides."

"That put him in good humour?"

"Not very. He said it was poor cheese, and badly browned; and that French dishes were best made by French people. But I had one comfort—he ate it."

"The churl!—Well?"

"Well, after dinner, Pierre made some punch; and we began to get on a little better."

"And the book?"

"I asked the schoolmaster to read it aloud,—taking care, you understand, not to say that an Englishman wrote it."

"And did it interest M. Papouff?"

"Not much, at first. He smoked his pipe, and rattled his spoon in his glass, and asked for sugar in the very places which I thought most beautiful. But when we came to the part about Tiny Tim, he began to attend; and where Tiny

Tim falls ill, he left off smoking. I was so pleased to see his pipe burn lower and lower! And at last it went out, and—would you believe it?—great tears rolled down among his scars, and he sobbed and asked for some more punch."

"Iron tears," thought I, "down Pluto's cheek!"  
... "And so he was reconciled?"

"No," said she, shaking her head, "quite the contrary. The very moment the schoolmaster had finished M. Papouff said, 'What Englishman could write a book like that?' And the schoolmaster said it *was* an Englishman that wrote it. But M. Papouff would n't believe it; and we could n't convince him all we could do."

"And how did you proceed?"

"We argued it out for a long while; and at last M. Papouff said, that if we could convince him that an Englishman wrote that book, he would unsay what he had said about the English being a bad set. But he added, just as he was leaving the house, that we *couldn't* convince him and need n't try."

"What had you to say to that?"

"There was the puzzle. I wrote next day and asked my dear mother's advice. She always knows what to do."

"And what did she suggest?"

"She sent over *her* book—the English book itself, which has the picture of Tiny Tim in it. And we had another dinner, and more macaroni; and we showed M. Papouff the picture of Tiny Tim, and the actual English print."

"That *must* have convinced him."

"Not in the least. He admitted the picture; but as for the printing, he said it was Spanish; and stood to it."

"How did you get over *that*?" said I, laughing.

"The schoolmaster went home and fetched his dictionary,—an immense book, with *Anglais et Français* in gold letters on the back."

"A capital thought," said I.

"Yes. The schoolmaster managed most cunningly. He first shewed M. Papouff the gold printing on the back: there was the word '*Anglais*,' you know; he could n't deny *that*. Then he opened the book, and shewed him the English words inside; and then, all of a sudden, he shewed him the very same words in the little book."

"What did M. Papouff say to that?"

"He said he would consider of it; and went home."

"And what was the result of his consideration?"

"Why, the next morning he came here of his own accord, and said that his one eye was as sharp as any schoolmaster's two, and that he

disagreed with him, and differed from his dictionary; but that if I thought I could convince him, I was welcome to try. He added, that he was not an obstinate man."

"And how did you set about convincing him?"

"I got him to stay and dine, and made such a dish of macaroni! How he ate! It was a pleasure to see him. And what stories he told us about his battles in Spain—some such dreadful ones!—in which he killed as many as fifty and sixty enemies himself!"

"Good symptoms," thought I. "And how did it end?" I inquired.

"Why, after dinner, I laid the book near his glass; and little by little, began talking about Tiny Tim. And he looked at my little Pierre, and said he was an old man, and lonely; and that he often wished he had a child of his own; and he took little Pierre up on his knee and kissed him. And then he opened the book, and I really thought he was going to cry again; but all of a sudden he burst out laughing, and said 'to be sure it was English,' and that he must have looked at it before 'with his patch on the wrong eye.' Wasn't it odd? And then the schoolmaster came in—and Pierre made a great bowl of punch—and I gave M. Papouff the book as a present—and he shook hands with us all round. Wasn't it delightful? And from that time to this we have been excellent friends."

Artless Peacemaker! As I watched her earnest, happy eyes, and the honest triumph on her open brow, I thought that a Raphael might have clothed in such bright features and so sweet a form that other Mary—the divine symbol of Woman's Mission!

"I have been telling Monsieur about M. Papouff," said she to her husband, in French.

"Ah, *le gaillard!* he likes macaroni!" returned the jolly blacksmith. "And talking of that, it's time for dinner, Mary."

"Monsieur will dine with us?" said she, with a charming mixture of the French grace and the English cordiality in her manner.

"Ay," said the jolly blacksmith, "if Monsieur will take *la fortune du pot* with us, he will have a poor dinner, but a hearty welcome!"

His wife had already begun her preparations; and, while he spoke, set bread and wine upon the table.

Bread and Wine!

My heart swelled, as I thought of the Divine hospitality, which invites to a Table as simply spread all Travellers—upon whatever road, and of whatever race.

Nor did the addition of some more substantial fare—a fat capron and a bowl of soup—impair for me the symbolic character of the feast; to

which I sat down under the influence of a double emotion—hungry and enthusiastic.

"French and English are but names," I cried, as the jolly blacksmith knocked his wine-cup against mine. "We are all brothers!"

"Bravo!" cried he. "*Ca me va!*" and he tossed off his glass with a good will.

At this moment there was a tapping at the window; and, looking round, I saw a lean Hebrew pedler, with a long white beard, a great pack on his shoulders, and some bright-colored kerchiefs in his hand.

"Any thing to-day?" said the pedler, holding up his merchandise at the window.

"That's the voice of Jacob," said the blacksmith's wife,—who had taken off the lid of the great boiler, and, amidst a cloud of steam, was busily getting something out. "Poor Jacob!"

A sudden thought crossed my mind; a wish—perhaps fantastic—filled my heart . . . and I looked earnestly at my generous host . . .

The brave fellow understood me instantly . . . he rose, and opened the door.

"Come in, Jacob," he cried.

The aged pedler entered, and loosened the cords of his pack, and laid it on the ground.

"Sit down," said the blacksmith, drawing a chair to the table. "*Que diable!* the road is dusty, and the weather keen; you must be tired, Jacob!"

"I am tired," said the Jew; "I have come a long way since day-break; under a heavy burden."

And the wanderer took his seat.

At this moment the blacksmith's wife returned from the boiler; and, with a glance of triumph at me, she set upon the table a glorious Christmas-pudding, with a sprig of holly stuck in its powdered crown.

"You didn't expect *that!*" cried she, with sparkling eyes.

The old Jew's parchment features relaxed, as the fragrant steam ascended to his nostrils.

"Bravo!" exclaimed the jolly blacksmith, rubbing his hands. "Creemass poodang! *Ca me va!* Fill your glasses! *Que diable,* pedler, take a drink of wine!"

"Stop!" cried I. "Let us drink a toast . . ."

"That's right," said the blacksmith, "a toast. What shall it be?"

"Au temple de l'Humanité!" I exclaimed.

And we drank it! Catholic—Protestant—and homeless Jew—we all drank it together! We drank it hand in hand; around an English Christmas-pudding—smoking on a French laborer's table—in a house at which three roads met!

And when I rose from that genial board, and quitted that generous roof, I went on my way



with a heart rejoicing and refreshed—as by some Christian sacrament.

“A midnight invasion of England by the French!” cried I, stopping short in the road. “A barbarous, piratical war, at this time of day, between the two noblest nations on this green planet’s face! Out on the calumnious suspicion! Away with such a monstrous anachronism! . . . Potentates of Europe, take a lesson from this humble blacksmith! Open your palace-gates wide as his cottage-door; beat your swords into ploughshares; and leave snarling warfare to your dogs!”

As I spoke, I heard again the dull beat of the great hammers,—and the leathern respiration of the bellows,—and the distant roaring of the fire. And I turned, with excited imagination, almost expecting to see the Sword upon the anvil,—and to witness its fiery transfiguration!

But the road, curving, had brought between me and the cottage a row of intervening trees;—the gently-drawn curtain of Nature . . .

“The great Teacher closes the scene,” thought I. “She bids me seek to see no more. Her lesson is aptly concluded; and it remains for her attentive pupil to “ponder these things in his heart.”

F. O. WARD.

Jan. 1848.

*Postscript.*—Written five weeks *before* the French Revolution, and published now at precisely the same interval *after* it, this paper may be likened to a straw, cast on the smooth rapids above a mighty cataract—submerged in the thundering torrent of its precipitous fall—and re-appearing unexpectedly in the eddying whirlpools below.

I have re-perused it with such feeling as a sculptor might be supposed to experience, who, having prepared his material to cast a statuette, should find the mould beneath his hand suddenly dilated to colossal proportions.

So do these ‘Signs of the Times’ fall short of the prefigured realities; so lies my slender parable behind the momentous drama of the age.

Yet, though with the “mighty fallen,” all apprehension of invasion and dynastic war has also passed away; still, if my pen have been true to my purpose, meanings remain—neither much hidden nor much obtruded—superior to lapse of time, and change of circumstance. It is for these that I trust my dream to the congenial reader’s interpretation: hoping that he will find in its images, however slightly sketched, some touches true to Nature;—in its symbols, however dimly shadowed, some of those “liberal applications” that “lie in Art.”—*Frazer’s Magazine*.

Translated for the Daguerreotype.

## THE HOLSTEIN HEROINE.

During the reign of Waldemar II., Denmark accomplished her long-cherished project, extended her empire to the banks of the Elbe, and made the wealthy cities of Hamburg and Lubeck the supports of that empire.

Adolph III., Count of Holstein, withstood the Danes in a long, and often doubtful contest. At last he was overcome, was taken prisoner at Hamburg, bound in fetters, and carried captive through his former territories into Denmark, where he was treated with the greatest ignominy. At last, A. D., 1203, he was set at liberty, under the disgraceful conditions, that he should resign all his lands to Denmark, and leave two of his sons as hostages in the hands of the Danes. The once warlike Count, who twice had made Palestine ring with the fame of his valor, was so humbled by his misfortunes, that he hastily retreated to his ancestral castle of Schauenburg, and never again entered Holstein.

Waldemar II. was crowned king of the Danes and Slaves, at Lubeck, with great pomp. He

introduced the Danish law into the duchies, appointed Danish magistrates, and made Count Albert of Orlamünde Viceroy of Schleswig and Holstein, with absolute power.

The nobility were so much impoverished and dispirited by the long wars, that they bore the Danish yoke with patience, or at least with silent and impotent rage. But while men were mute and passive, a woman spoke and acted.

The baroness Deest of Kellingdorp, distinguished by rare gifts of body and mind, exerted herself for the liberation of her German country. She invited all the nobles, of whose patriotic disposition she could feel confident, to visit her in the marshes of the Wilster. The knights came unarmed, in court-dresses, for they thought that the lady, who was celebrated for her hospitalities, had invited them to a banquet. But the reception which awaited them in the castle of Kellingdorp was a great surprise.

Large black flags hung from the towers; servants clad in mourning received the guests and

led them in silence into a large saloon. Here the light of day was shut out, and a flickering lamp shed a dim, solemn light through the vast space. The walls were hung with black, all furniture was removed, and the only ornament was a large shield which was suspended on the wall. When the knights examined the device on this shield, they saw that it represented a Danish soldier breaking with a club, and treading under his feet, the national arms of Holstein.

At this moment the baroness entered, in full armor, like the heroines of fabulous antiquity. A black corslet clothed her noble form, and only a solitary blood red plume surmounted her helmet.

The astonished knights could not utter a word. She came forward, and with deep grief in her countenance addressed them thus: "Not I, noble Holsteiners, but your country gives you this sad and humiliating welcome. Here you see represented the misery and the shame of our good land of Holstein. But the darkness and silence of this mourning do not extend beyond these walls. The bright sun shines over Holstein and sheds its light in palace and in hut, upon indifference, cowardice, the feasts and riotings of pleasure. And yet our German country is insulted and enslaved by the Dane. If the hearts of men are strong enough to bear this disgrace, the heart of a woman can bear it no longer. But let no reproach desecrate this hour. We must be united if we would regain that which we lost by disunion. I know that you are one with me in the sacred feeling of revenge; I read it in the manly fire of your eyes. But I invited you, — you in whom I trust, — in order to ascertain whether you are disposed to prove your dispositions by your deeds. I ask of you, ye chivalry of Holstein, will you pine away as the slaves of Denmark, will you bring up your children to be the slaves of Denmark, will you hereafter repose in Danish or in German soil?"

A loud and fierce cry of "German and free" burst from the assembly, and shook the old walls; and then the most aged of the knights advanced and addressed the noble lady in these words: "We thank thee, noble lady, chivalrous countrywoman, for the confidence with which thy heart has honored us. Yes! we are, body and soul, devoted to our country, which through thy inspiring words reminds us of our duty. We should blush to acknowledge that a woman has been the first to resort to action, if we did not see in that very circumstance a consecration and a happy omen for our undertaking. In this belief, and according to German custom, we ask of thee, noble lady, what way, what means of freedom have been revealed to thy God-enlightened mind?"

"That which is revealed to me," exclaimed aloud the baroness, "is the divine word: 'a people is free, when it wills to be free.' The people which has not this will, has not honor. But where there is this will, there is also the power of accomplishment, a power, which if it cannot achieve victory, will at least suffice for a glorious death. This, ye men, is the only plan for our liberation; it is better to die gloriously than to live in slavery!"

The nobles repeated this exclamation with enthusiasm, and now the baroness drew her sword, and advanced into the midst of the assembly. Her cheeks glowed, and her eyes sparkled with the light of hope and confidence as she raised the sword on high, and exclaimed, "Thus then we swear in this solemn hour a sacred alliance in life and death." She held out the sword; the men crowded around it and laid their fingers on the blade; there was a moment's deep and solemn silence, and then the baroness spoke in a tone of solemn emotion the words, "German and free!"

"German and free" was echoed by each manly voice, as immediately a number of pages entered, bearing new and glittering swords, on each of which were inscribed the words, "German and free." The baroness kissed each blade as she gave them to the knights, who received them reverently kneeling before her.

It was then determined to send a trusty messenger to Schauenburg, to implore Adolph III. to return and place himself at the head of those who had conspired to liberate the land of his fathers. But the duke was so broken down by his misfortunes, that he could not be moved, and he pleaded that he had moreover pledged his word and given hostages.

The nobles were much cast down by this intelligence, as they would no longer appear to be fighting in the legitimate cause of their sovereign, but for their own advantage. The baroness determined to make one more attempt, and, as she was suspected and watched by the Danish authorities, she disguised herself as a pilgrim and set out for Schauenburg. Her friends spread the report that she was seriously ill, physicians paid daily visits to her castle, and the wives of the conspirators were constant in their inquiries. In the mean while she arrived at Schauenburg, and as she was approaching the castle-gates she was met by a gay troop of boys, in the leader of whom she recognized the son of Count Adolph. Pretending to be weary, she seated herself on a bench, and the young prince and his companions stood around her.

"Whence do you come, good pilgrim?" asked the youth.

"I come from Holstein."



"From Holstein!" he exclaimed in glad surprise; "Holstein is my father-land: oh, tell me news of it."

"Alas! I have none but bad news to give thee. Holstein is a fair and fertile land, enriched by the hand of God, but the hearts of its inhabitants are in deep mourning. Holstein has abundance of all worldly blessings; but it has lost the greatest blessing of all,—liberty and honor. Enemies rule over it; enemies squander its wealth and disgrace its name."

"And whose fault is this?" exclaimed the young Count, as he grasped the handle of his sword.

"Holstein pines in the servitude of Denmark," said the baroness, "because Holstein's Lord, Count Adolph III. has deserted his faithful land and abandoned it to the Danes."

"It is false," exclaimed the boy, "and you shall be punished for this calumny;" and he bade his companions lead the pilgrim into the castle, the baroness rejoicing to be thus brought before the Count. But when the old man had heard the angry complaint of his son, he replied in sorrowful tones, "I rejoice, my son, that thou hast such a chivalrous regard for my honor; but go, and give the pilgrim a present, and dismiss him in peace; he is right, although I would not act otherwise than I have done."

The baroness, on hearing these words, cast off her pilgrim's robe, and threw herself at his feet: "Holstein's faithful people kneel before thee, and implores to be ruled by thee, in order that through thee it may regain liberty and honor. If in times past you could not act otherwise, the circumstances are now altered. The noblest men in Holstein await you with eager impatience; so soon as your foot touches the soil of Holstein, the whole people will rise; Holstein will be free; your honor and ours will be redeemed."

Trembling with emotion the Count raised the lady, and her words sunk into his heart. But the pledge which he had given to the enemy appeared to him to be an insurmountable objection. "I dare not, I cannot," he exclaimed, and wrung his hands in despair.

"Well, then," replied the baroness, "give us your child; give us back the child of Holstein! Let this boy return with me, in order that one day he may fight for your honor, for which even now his childish heart feels so sensitively. I will be to him a mother; every Holsteiner will be a father; his presence will inspirit our people, and I see in him already, what my heart tells me he will be, the victorious lord of Holstein."

The boy joined his entreaties to hers, and the father at length laid his hands upon his head, and gave him to be an offering for his country.

The necessary arrangements were now made, and the baroness promised to take every precaution, both to avoid violating the pledge given by the Count, and not to endanger the lives of the hostages.

She reached her castle in safety with her charge, and there guarded him as a most sacred treasure. The news of his arrival flew through the country, and was received by the Holsteiners like a call from heaven. From every corner of the land the German men made pilgrimages to Kellingdorp, in order to strengthen themselves for the contest by the sight of the noble child. The number of determined patriots increased with every day, and the death of a tyrannical Danish magistrate, who was killed by some of the leaders of the conspiracy, led to an open outbreak.

The insurgents immediately fortified their strongholds, and the Baroness of Kellingdorp was ever foremost in word and deed. The brave town of Itzehoe was their principal support, and was hastily defended by means of a deep canal and ramparts. The Danish army appeared before the works were completed, but after several bloody engagements they abandoned the idea of storming it, and converted the siege into a blockade. All means of communication were cut off, and the condition of the patriots was beginning to be very precarious, when they received unexpected and wonderful aid. The river Stoer\* rose twice in one day to such a height, that all the works of the Danes were totally destroyed, and their army narrowly escaped annihilation by a rapid flight. The day on which this took place was the feast of the nativity of the Virgin Mary, and as the baroness in her noble and extraordinary beauty had been the most conspicuous leader in the contest, the saying was spread about that the Blessed Virgin herself had fought for Holstein.

At the banquet in the castle of Kellingdorp which celebrated this victory, the Baroness placed the ducal coronet upon the head of her foster-child, and all the assembled nobles did homage to him as Adolph IV.—*Pictures from the History of Schleswig-Holstein. By F. Tchuselka.*

PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR APRIL.—Mob caps without crowns are much in fashion. Large bustles are also greatly in vogue, and threaten, if they increase, to block up the widest thoroughfares. There is not a Joinville tie to be seen anywhere.—*Punch.*

\* The town of Itzehoe is situated on the river Stoer, about twenty miles from its junction with the Elbe — ED. DAG.

num! In these very days, when Romanism is said to be rapidly developing itself in Germany and in England, whence comes its art? From Protestant converts, Pugin, Overbeck, &c. What is its philosophy? Mere eclectic sciolism, as far as we can see or hear, picked up from the great Protestant philosophers of Germany. The whole Neo-German movement of Romanism owes its life absolutely to the scraps which it has borrowed from its "heretic" enemy. Among its converts it cannot name a single first-rate man. A poor brain-sick, self-disgusted Werner; a shallow, brilliant Schlegel, perpetually mistaking fine words for deep thoughts; an ascetic enthusiast like Overbeck, who had no higher reverence for truth, no deeper insight into the history of art, than to say, that "he took the faith for the sake of the art which it had created." These are their trophies! But conceive Goethe turning Romanist, or Kant perhaps, or Fichte, or Herder, or any one, in fact, of the original thinkers of the Teutonic nations! As soon expect Luther's ghost to revive and make his solemn recantation!

So it is with their own late conversions. Have we lost a single *second-rate* man even? One, indeed, we have lost, *first-rate* in *talents*, at least; but has not he by his later writings given the very strongest proof, that to become a Romish priest is to lose, *ipso facto*, whatever moral or intellectual life he might previously have had? Besides, who but fanatics attribute the movement to the Romish priesthood? They themselves talk of it as a miracle of Divine grace — they stare in honest astonishment (well knowing their own inabilities) at the sight of English gentlemen and ladies *converting themselves*, and coming over to them by an entirely *ab intra* movement, ready persuaded to their hands; and they extol duly the enormous addition to their effete and threadbare order, of Protestant learning, Protestant vigor, Protestant experience, Protestant taste.

This is a literary age, too, and a conquering party must be expected to show its strength in its books. What literature was ever at a lower ebb than the Romish at this moment? We owe an infinite debt to Michelet for having exposed boldly the miserable weakness, the vapid life-in-death of the Jesuit writings, with all their prurient prudery, their effeminate sentimentality, their ghastly conventional raptures. Even in Moohler himself what have we but the seven times exploded facts brought out again as if virgin and fire-new, — the old sophism set up with a new gilding, as if, perhaps, the world would swallow it this time at last? Above all, in all their authors, converts or indigenious, is there not the same fearful *want of straightforward*

truth, that "*Jesuitry*," which the mob may dread as a subtle poison, but which the philosopher considers as the deepest and surest symptom of moribund weakness? And yet these men are to convert England!

But the priest is a subtle man of the world. How? Is a monkish education, a celibate life, likely to make men of the world? How much of the world young men must see at Stoneleigh! But their instructors have mixed in courts and camps — they know the hearts of Roman march-sas and Vienna diplomates. Really! The human heart must in this case be a shallower thing than prophets and poets, the much-loving and the many-sided of the earth, have fancied. No! If opera-worship and cicisbeism, foppery and profligacy, are the world — if Italy and Spain now, if France under Louis Quinze, are specimens of the European world — in that society the priest may be strong. But can he cope with the earnest French democrat? And how will he cope with the English freeman — the English husband and father? Knowing only the darker side of men from the confessional, the casuists, and the merely vulpine and Machiavelian anthropology of his order; cut off from all human sympathies and ambitions, even from that lowest of all — money-making; looking at all the world through his narrow, pedantic, monk-spectacles (not untinged with *green*, poor soul!); asking all human things but one question, "Ultramontane, or not ultramontane?" who shall fear him? Be sure that, whenever he begins plotting, it will not require the practical sagacity and wide eye-range of the English layman to outwit him; *he will outwit himself*. Just when his cobweb seems most cunningly spun and stretched, some unexpected outburst of that strange, fathomless human nature, of which he knows so little, will sweep his web away, and leave him, where he has been periodically left for the last three centuries, expediency-mongering about the spinning of a new thread; upholding the old practice by truckling to the new principle; confusing himself into worse and worse imbecility, as the nations who need him no longer go on their way rejoicing. It was no false vision of Giant Pope, which John Bunyan saw in his *Pilgrim's Progress*. Nor was that a false vision either (and no offence to the author of *Hawkestone*) which Goethe saw in his *Faust*, of a worthy fanatic hunting Jesuits in the Walpurgis-dance itself, among the witches of the Brocken.

Look, again, at the conduct of the Romish priesthood in Ireland in these very days. What is its distinguishing mark but intense foolishness? The folly of dreaming, as they do, of recovering their confiscated lands and tithes; the folly (not



Translated for the Daguerreotype.

## THE SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN QUESTION.

The Schleswig-Holstein question is of the utmost importance for the whole of Germany. It is of the utmost consequence whether Schleswig-Holstein, lying at the mouth of one of the most important of German rivers, the Elbe, shall continue to be the appendage of a neighbouring kingdom, or even be incorporated with it as a province, or whether it shall exist as an independent state. England has already established herself upon Helgoland at the mouth of the Elbe, and the channels of our commerce would be entirely closed, if Denmark, which already cripples the trade of the Baltic, were to extend its boundaries to the largest wholly German river. Hamburg, the first commercial city of Germany, must not lie on the confines of Denmark, within the range of Danish cannons, if German commerce is not to be at the mercy of

foreigners. The policy of Denmark has always inclined towards Russia; the harbour of Kiel is accessible for line-of-battle ships, while those on the coasts of Prussia are somewhat shallow. If Russian steam-ships can land an army in the friendly harbour of Kiel, the wealthy city of Hamburg becomes the prey of a foreign invader, and a Russian army can within eight days be at the gates of Berlin or Magdeburg. The separation of the duchies from Denmark, and their indissoluble union with one another, is of importance to the interests of civilization, in order that Russia, whose ruler has some remote hereditary claims, may not bring his influence to bear upon them; in order that the barbarians of the East may not gain a footing in the North, and wind themselves around Germany.

— *Der Wandelstern.*

## WHY SHOULD WE FEAR THE ROMISH PRIESTS?

Omne ignotum pro magnifico.

Why, indeed? The expectation that Popery will in a few years become the popular religion of these realms is surely more common than well founded. There are many thousands of English Protestants who say that they consider such a catastrophe as inevitable; the dream is gaining believers in these days among the Romanists themselves—with what reasonable grounds, is a matter for future question. For Protestants, if any find themselves inspired in fighting for the good cause by the conviction that they are infallibly predestined to defeat, they are welcome to their opinion; though it would seem more likely to prove a damper than an excitant. But it is very difficult to understand how men can talk of Protestantism as the cause of liberty, humanity, God himself, and yet in the same breath bewail it as lost and ruined. It is more difficult to understand how men can fancy that they are helping that cause by querulous and unmanly confessions of their own fancied weakness and divisions, and the unanimity and strength of the Romish priesthood. It is most difficult to understand how, of all weapons wherewith to attack this so redoubted priesthood, we should have been prone to choose those best calculated to cast contempt on ourselves—ignorance and big-

otry, illogicality, virulence, and wanton imputation, unworthy of gentlemen as well as of Christians, till the scoffing world has very excusably likened the No-Popery party to the cur-dog yelping at the heels of the wolf which he dare not touch,—public sympathy being very naturally transferred from the cur to the wolf. It is really time to cease shrieking at Romish priests, and to begin to know a little about them.

The Popish priesthood change the religion of England! What signs have they shown for the last three hundred years of power to preserve a nation's religion, much less to change it? How have they kept France? How Spain? How Italy itself? What single great work have they effected since Trent, except fruitless persecutions, which, justly or unjustly, have made their name a byword and an abomination throughout nine tenths of Europe? What man of genius have they had among them since the sixteenth century? What man, who "being dead, yet speaks," who has exercised any important influence on the progress of mankind, moral, social, or intellectual? The labors of their noblest men—Massillon and Bourdaloue, Fénelon and Bossuet—were only followed by an age of Louis Quinze and a French Revolution! *Ecce sig-*

thought of exalting the hierarchy above the demands of national law and order; and the treatment which they have received in consequence proves better than all arguments the contradiction between the feelings and duties of a citizen and the demands of a priesthood. Those who are best acquainted with the subject assert positively that the power of the priests, even in Ireland, has been considerably shaken by the contrast between their conduct and that of the Protestant clergy during the late famine, and that the better class of laity boldly express their wish to be protected from their own priesthood; but independently of these facts (and facts they are,) a certain most significant petition, inserted in *The Times* of the 9th of February, sufficiently proves that a struggle is not impossible. This petition, which is said to represent the feelings of a numerous and influential body of Romanists, many of whose names are appended to it, was laid before Parliament in 1846, and "humbly prays the honorable House" for "protection for Roman Catholic congregations, incumbents, lay patrons, possessors of schools, chapels, and other objects of charitable donations and bequests;" and protection against whom? Against Protestant bigotry, against secular tyranny? No. Against "Rome and its agents;" against "the Pope's vicars-apostolic;" against "gross invasions of their temporal rights by power derived from the Pope and held at his pleasure;" against "uncanonical and illegal oaths imposed on the secular clergy, such as are not even known in Ireland, and suspension of priests who dare to accept incumbencies from lay-nominations;" against "being forced to seek redress in these temporal matters from Rome, which is *contrary to their oaths as British subjects*;" "praying," finally, that "the patronage and trusteeships of Romish chapels may be lodged, not in the Pope's vicars, but in one or more of the laity, *under the protection of English law*," . . . "so as to secure to the Roman Catholic ecclesiastical body, through the influence of persons of rank and responsibility, an antidote to *disloyalty and disaffection towards the government and constitution of these realms*." So speak true Englishmen, Romish as well as Protestant, and have done for centuries. This petition transports us back into the middle age. Here are the descendants of those who refused, in the sixteenth century, to share in our victory over the Italian monks, finding that they have now, after a lapse of three centuries, to fight the battle for themselves; let us hope and trust, with the same success and the same unexpected irradiation of spiritual truth which our forefathers gained for us. And yet in the face of this petition, Mr. Gladstone, in the House of Commons, is not ashamed to talk of "asking aid

of the pope in civil matters!" Confess England unable to rule herself! Are we come to this, then? What with expediency-mongering and government from hand to mouth, Romanists may in future spare themselves such useless petitions. Our Protestant Government assist them against the Pope? Our Protestant Government itself requires the Pope's assistance!

Surely this is not the belief of the English nation; but let not the *Romanist petition*, nor Mr. Gladstone's advice, be forgotten. It is time that men should have true and historic views on these subjects. The power of the hierarchy in England, if not in Ireland, and in Rome itself, is blazing up, it seems, only to expire like a candle burnt down to its socket.

The eyes of the Roman Catholic laity in England have begun to be opened to the real character of a large proportion of their priesthood in Ireland, and they have boldly remonstrated; and they have been answered, as was to be expected, first by quibbling, then by mere ribaldry and insult. As long as Lord Shrewsbury confined himself to accounts of *Estatica* and *Addolorata* sham-miracles, he was the very pillar of the church; no language could express his piety and excellence! But only let him speak out, as a loyal Englishman and humane Christian, and Romish prelates, and their organ the *Tablet*, inform him repeatedly, in the grossest language, that he has "not raised his character, either as a Catholic or a gentleman!"—in *their* eyes at least. And all this while what are the Romish clergy of England doing? What formal protest have they issued against the blackguardism (there is no other word for it) of M'Hale and O'Higgins, or the atrocious denunciations of M'Dermott and others? Not a word. On the contrary, the priests of the northern district of England have formally, by their vicar-general, expressed their *extreme disapprobation* of Lord Shrewsbury's conduct, "*more especially in the instance of the very Rev. Mr. M'Dermott*," the denouncer of the murdered Major Mahon!!!

The Pope's clear and manly, but cautious, rescript, has fallen like a shell among the Irish hierarchy; and a monk is on his way from Lord Shrewsbury to Rome, charged with those ugly things, *facts*, in evidence of the justice of his lordship's attack, and of the infamous misconduct of the priests. But what are Papal rescripts to us? The Irish altar-denunciators have offended against the spirit, if not against the letter, of *English law*—against the letter, as well as the spirit, of the laws of every other European nation. To *law* they are amenable; and if the existing statutes are insufficient to control them, it is the right and the duty of Englishmen to demand such new statutes as shall protect the



to say wickedness) of keeping alive the old hatred against the Saxon, who, if exasperated, has, after all, only to crush them, or, worse still, leave them to themselves,—the folly of keeping alive, as they do, in the minds of the laity, old traditions about land, knowing all the while that if the Utopian absurdity came to pass, and Ireland were once more parcelled out among its original owners, “faithful sons of the Church,” nothing would be left for her, swept clean of her only capital—the Saxon’s money and the Saxon’s energy, but the miseries of a mock-feudal barbarism and hopeless poverty. Ay, but “the Catholic system” would be in the ascendant; and for that fixed idea the fanatic will sacrifice his country, his conscience, and, to do him justice, his own life itself.

Englishmen should really read the sayings, and watch the doings, of these men, and not be deterred from speaking out their conclusions by any superstitious dread, either of “bigotry” or of “latitudinarianism,” but say boldly, “These priests are a foolish generation; that is about the best and the worst we can say of them.” We have nothing to fear from them—but *we have every thing to fear from our own fear of them.* We have made our bugbear, and now we tremble at it. We have told the priest that he was strong and cunning—what wonder if he has believed us? We have told him that he was conquering Protestantism—what wonder if he has redoubled his attack? We have given him what he sought, not generously and spontaneously, but piecemeal, and in proportion to the bullying which he has employed—what wonder if he has grown confident and insolent? We have rewarded his sedition and calumny with illegal titles of nobility, illegal episcopal rank in dioceses already Protestant—what wonder if he mistakes our apathy for cowardice, and fancies, not that England despises him, but that she fears him? We have been teaching the young that the Jesuit is strong and wise, at the same time that we have been monstrously magnifying his evil purpose—what wonder if some get disgusted at the exaggeration of his sin, and yet retain the fancy of his power; and so begin to listen with the same awe with which we used to hear our nurse speak of Number Nip, or Raw Head and Bloody Bones? Teach your children to pity the Jesuit for a silly pedant, and there will be no fear of their hereafter accepting him as a mysterious philosopher.

The truth is, the only people who need defending against the Romish priesthood in England are the Romish laity. The real history of England, from Ethelbert to the Reformation, is the history of a struggle, issuing in the complete victory of the laity, the anti-national and hierarchic spirit being gradually absorbed by the

national lay spirit, which asserts the rights of the citizen, the husband, the individual conscience. This battle has to be fought in every Christian country; the married laymen and the celibate priest may make truce for a time, but they are foes in grain.

Now the English policy toward the Romish laity for centuries overlooked all this. It identified them most wrongly with their own priesthood. It restrained them by similar penal laws, and so forced the two to make common cause. It coerced the priesthood just enough to enlist all the chivalrous feeling of the laity in their defence, while it had not the heart to carry out persecution to any practical result. By debarring the Romanist from his rights as a citizen, it crushed in him that very national lay spirit which it ought most to have fostered; it forced him into contact with Ultramontane influence by forbidding him any other; into loyalty to the Pope, by giving him no other centre of attraction for his natural and honorable desire for corporate life. If the Romish laity be really, as some say, inferior in intellectual development to the average of Protestants of the same rank, it is because they have been shut out from political life, a field absolutely necessary for the full development of a British mind. Those crushing influences happily are past, and we may hope better things for the future. The extravagances of certain Irish politicians on their first emancipation must not dishearten us. Another generation, and Romish members of parliament will have sobered down; the speaking their minds in the noblest assembly on earth will have lost the excitement of novelty. We may fairly hope, from the analogy of history, that in half a century more the Romish layman will have discovered a citizen’s vocation to be nobler than that of a fanatic; that when he has once felt the genial and fruitful liberty of civic life, he will spurn the yoke of his confessor; that the same antagonism will arise between our Romish laity and their priesthood which existed among their forefathers from the Conquest to the Reformation; which now obtains in every state of Romish Christendom, except those in which all individual thought and conscience are crushed by the tyranny of an absolute government.

Viewed in this light, the late conversions to Rome will do their share of good, in bringing the Romish laity more and more in contact with the Protestant; which of the two will mould and absorb the other by its superior vitality and strength it is not difficult to foresee. But in fact such a revulsion of feeling seems to be already taking place. The manly and upright remonstrances of Lord Shrewsbury and Lord Arundel to the Irish bishops shew that they at least have no



Irish gentleman from obloquy and murder. It is not by peddling backstairs influence with the Pope—it is not by indicting the denunciators only when murder has followed, that the nuisance is to be suppressed; the offence is equally an overt act, and therefore the subject of law, whether the evil suggestion be followed up or not. It may be a difficult matter to legislate against words, but when lives are at stake it is a duty absolute, however delicate. Again, let us have no backstairs influence with the Pope. If the object of Lord Lansdowne's new bill be to establish with his holiness the diplomatic relations usual with other temporal sovereigns, so far well. But let them be the *usual* relations; let them be secular and international, and not ecclesiastical and anti-national, setting at nought self-government, the very root and principle, not only of the Reformation, but of national life itself, by calling in a foreign authority to keep English subjects in order. This limitation of an ambassador's powers at Rome, Englishmen have surely a right to demand; and if his lordship's bill is viewed with suspicion, who will have been the cause of it but its noble author himself, when, in the House of Lords, he alleged the "*peculiar* authority of the Pope" as the reason for instituting "the usual diplomatic relations with him?" In merely ecclesiastic and spiritual matters the Pope is welcome, in heaven's name, to whatever wholesome authority he can exercise over the "unruly wills and affections of sinful men." But such an authority of his is not a subject of diplomatic relations. It would be just as absurd to have sent an ambassador to Joe Smith the Mormonite leader, because a colony of his sect had been misconducting themselves in England.

But how to explain the conduct of the Irish "political priests," and their approving brethren of the "northern district of England?" Even folly and fanaticism must have a fancied ground of right. It may be a mere frantic hope of a general scramble, in which they might regain their lost lands and tithes. Absurd as is the dream, it is the daily increasing hope of many Romanists; and Dr. Wordsworth's *Diary in France*, p. 183, asserts, that, "In the principal's room at the College des Irlandais, Rue des Postes, at Paris, is a map of the estates of Ireland, as they were in olden time before they were confiscated. He pointed out to me the estates which had belonged to his own family." Significant, truly! It is notorious, again, that holders of confiscated land in Ireland are especially liable to denunciation and murder. There may be, not unlikely, a plot to frighten away all Protestant landlords, and leave the Brian Boru aristocracy triumphant and alone. But how do

Christian ministers justify to their own consciences for a moment such means and such a spirit as actuates M<sup>r</sup> Hale and Co.?

There is a plain answer, an old one, and fallen into very bad repute, from the bad hands who have meddled with it. But a thing is not a whit less true for having been abused; and whatever nonsense may have been talked on this point, there is sense enough now, grave, temperate, and circumstantial, brought to bear on it by the National Club. This body has lately formally renewed the Exeter-Hall assertion, that the Bull "*Cænæ Domini*," "excommunicating and anathematizing" all Protestant sovereigns and magistrates, and all who refer to them in ecclesiastical matters of any sort; and the comments on this Bull, and on others similar to it; tend to nullify the authority of the Crown over the Romish clergy, and to hold up to their execration all loyal Protestants; and that these Bulls, as found in Dens, Reiffenstuel, and other Maynooth class-books, are now secretly in force in Ireland. This is their charge, made in a very different spirit from that in which it was made of old in Exeter Hall, and from what one might have expected from certain Orange names on their committee list, some of which are happily disappearing. The Club certainly has no mind to take it for granted that every Romish priest is a villain, heap upon him wanton insult and imputations of the basest motives, and then prove their case anyhow or nohow;—they never rail, they are gentlemanlike and businesslike; their fault, if they have one, is being too mild; and one who is not a member of the Club, and differs deeply from them on many points, will not be suspected of puffery when he says that their matter-of-fact tone is one of the most hopeful symptoms of the Protestant cause.

In the case of the Bull "*Cænæ*," they have gone far towards proving it to be at the root of much Irish fanaticism,—they have proved, at least, that the whole charge of the Bull's being in force requires a searching investigation, and a *documentary and diplomatic denial* not merely from worthy English laymen like Lord Arundel, but from the authority whence it originally emanated,—viz. from the Pope himself, who is bound thus to prove an *ordinary national* relation to us before we can admit him to an *ordinary diplomatic* one.

The dangerous tendency of the Bull may be judged of from Romanist testimony. Dr. Doyle, when before a select committee of the Lords in 1828, denied that the Bull was in force in Ireland, said that, "*if it were, there is scarcely any thing which would be at rest among the Catholic states of Europe; and that they have been as solemn and earnest in protesting against it as*

we have been in any period in England." And Dr. M'Hale asserted that "*his objection against receiving the Bull was, the collision which would be supposed to result from the publication of that Bull with the established authorities of the country.*" Again, the mere publication of the Bull, with its history, and the assertion that it was now in force in Ireland, was sufficient to elicit a letter from Lord Arundel, most creditable to his loyalty and kindly tolerance, in which he does not attempt to deny either the existence or the pernicious character of the Bull, but grounds his whole defence of the Romanists on arguments to prove that the Bull is obsolete. Now no one dreams that the Bull is anything but utterly obsolete in practice as far as regards the English Roman Catholic laity; but with regard to its obsolescence in the abstract these facts are at least worth considering:—

1. That the Bull (and this Lord Arundel does not attempt to deny) is unrepealed, remains part and parcel of the canon law, and has been published as such, with all possible authority and imprimatur in the *Bullarium*, Rome, 1835-44; Reiffenstuel's *Canon Law*, 1831-4; the notorious Dens, 1832; and in an edition of Bailly printed at Dublin expressly for use of Maynooth, 1828.

2. That the Bull itself and its commentators just mentioned, formally and at great length, take pains to assert its perpetual obligation, independent of its non-republication, or "any customs, &c., to the contrary, which may be temporarily connived at by Rome," and quote it in various parts of their works as now in force. To this Lord Arundel answers, and, no doubt, with complete honesty of intention, that these canonists themselves are more or less obsolete,—that the priesthood who publish and recommend them do not thereby swear to all that they may choose to say. We must judge of that by their conduct,—M'Hales and O'Higginses *par exemple*.

Again, Lord Arundel says that the Bull ceased to be published annually about 1745, and then became a dead letter. But, how, then, was it that Dr. Doyle confessed that the Bull had been declared to be in force in Ireland in the year of the Rebellion, 1793,—*i. e. the very first time that there was any chance of practically enforcing it?* How was it (and this fact is a new and important one) that at the Jubilee in 1800 the Pope in a rescript mentioned the Bull *Cœnæ* by name *as then in force, and gave directions in regard to its censures?* But, be it practically in force or not, what shall we say of the suicidal folly and pedantry of those who retain in their class-books this very Bull, and the still more obnoxious constitutions of Benedict

XIV., and canons of the fourth Lateran Council, &c., when they know that these have been for centuries the bitterest causes of contention and mistrust between Protestants and themselves? If they are obsolete, in the name of peace let them be formally and in a written document repealed. If the competent authorities refuse to repeal them, who is to be blamed if he believes that they are retained in the Romish canon law for the purpose of reviving them at the first convenient opportunity? Who is to be blamed if he imputes to their teaching the disorders of Dr. M'Hale and his party, who have long since thrown to the winds their only original objection to the Bull,—namely, the "fear of a collision with the constituted authorities?" If valid, this Bull and its compeers are treasonable; if invalid, they are scandals, at once useless and ruinous, to the reputation of the priesthood. And, finally, (to return to the keynote of this article,) what a pitiable exhibition of the weakness of the Romish Church, that while Reiffenstuel, their most famous and authoritative canonist, writing about 1745, describes, and rightly, the Bull "*Cœnæ*" as "*almost the only remaining pillar and defence of the faith,*" Romanists are nowadays using all their endeavours to prove that remaining pillar to be obsolete!

Three things, then, must be done. A formal repeal of the obnoxious Bulls ought to be demanded and obtained. The Romish laity must be taught that we, too, believe them as much as Lord Arundel believes us to be "brethren, children of a common Father," our perfect equals in civil rights. Lastly, the Irish laity, both Romish and Protestant, must be defended from the denunciations of the priesthood, and from their excommunications also, wherever those excommunications are accompanied or followed by threats and curses, or injury in person, property, or trade.

Toleration is a fine thing, but it is no god, as some people seem inclined to make it, in their truly superstitious cant about "liberality," perfect "religious freedom," &c. It has its limit, because no opinions can be tolerated which issue in violations of the universal human laws of morality, and in a disregard to human life. Lord Shrewsbury has implicitly acknowledged this same limit, and says that he wrote his first remonstrance from fears (evidently excited by the addresses of the National Club) that Government would think it necessary to interfere. The Romish and the Protestant laity, then, are now openly combined against the Irish priests. If a timid and truckling Government refuse to listen to their demands for justice, and continue to allow that order a license unknown in any



other country of Europe, who can wonder if we suspect them of sacrificing liberty, honor, and humanity, to the necessity of commanding

the votes of Irish members?—*Fraser's Magazine*.

## FRANCE.—THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN THE TWO PARTIES.

The month of April has been an eventful month in the history of the European revolutionary movement, that, like the *sirocco*, sweeps over the whole surface of this quarter of the globe. To any one who has studied the progress of the human mind, the events which are now occurring, and which, from their complexity, vastness, and novelty, will long occupy our attention, cannot be unexpected. From the hour when printing abolished the monopoly of knowledge, and when the Reformation gave full flight to the reason of man, the struggle commenced between brute force and power against truth, justice, and the true principles of Democratic Christianity. As long as the kings, princes, potentates and powers kept the people in ignorance—as long as the pen and the book were merely the tools with which a few rare and patient students worked for the benefit of future millions—as long as man remained in the trammels of a mere ceremonial, dignified with the name of religion—despotism was not only possible, but inevitable. But the man-child once awake—printing at work—reform penetrating the convent, the monastery and the palace—Protestantism alive—philosophy laboring—economists calculating—the result soon was, that the information, knowledge and thought which thence arose descended among the people. The masses once instructed, the very shadow of any divine right of kings and aristocrats to rule became exploded. The pen hourly increased in force. In England, Cromwell against Charles was the first dawn of liberty against the holiness of kings; then came the American Revolt, and finally the French Revolution.

The French Revolution failed. Why? Because it was violent, sudden, and effected by a people yet immersed in the ignorance and barbarism which monarchy had left them as a legacy. Besides, all Europe was against France, because the peaceable termination of the revolution would have shaken every throne. Thence arose war and the sword, and a mighty man, who crushed liberty under the iron heel of odious glory, and who paved the way for reaction and counter revolution. The French were conquered, and Paris occupied by the allies, because France was weary of fighting for a man. With all my nationality, I feel per-

suaded that, had she been a Republic, and every man fighting *pro aris et focis*, instead of deserting the cause of a usurper, of whom all were weary, we should have never seen Paris.

The Restoration once firmly seated, the reaction in favor of Democracy was natural; and as soon as the savage terrorism of the early days of Louis XVIII. were over, the Republicans set to work. In France there was still a lingering love for the great Convention which did such wonders, but which fell from intestine war. During Louis XVIII's reign, the Republicans wrote, conspired, and re-popularized themselves. Under Charles the Tenth, they became powerful, and when the mad schemes of that monarch and his friends raised the storm of July, 1830, would have triumphed, but for the able intriguer who had purchased several of their chiefs, and who won to him the middle classes, still connecting the names of Marat and Danton with the Republic. Louis Philippe on the throne, they again set to work, and, as every one knows, after an unceasing struggle—never for a moment giving cessation—of 18 years, have succeeded.

The struggle between the moderates and ultras—the disturbed provinces, the Socialist conspiracies, the split in the Cabinet, the ideas of the parties—are all matters which have come prominently out in the present month, to say nothing of the elections. The principal event of the month is,

### THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN THE TWO PARTIES.

When the Government of Louis Philippe was overthrown, the Provisional Government which was formed in its place was formed of two distinct parties, the Republicans and the Socialists. The Republicans—the statesmen, the men who wished to organize a great commonwealth on the old basis of society—preserving all which was good, but reforming, amending, substituting for egotistical laws those of equality and fraternity, and providing, in as far as human legislation can, for the poor—were Lamartine, Arago, Cremieux, Marrast, Garnier Pages, Marie: the Socialists, the promisers of Utopia to the poor—the men who wished totally to disorganize the society of ages—to substitute a square and angular society of their own for it—whose war was not against bad institutions and bad laws,



but against society, the family religion — these were Louis Blanc, Flocon, Ledru Rollin, and Albert. But their presence in the Provisional Government was necessary at first. Lamartine, representing the great Democratic principle as taught by Christ, loving peace, hating discord, wishing to create something great, noble, sublime, having a statesman's acumen, a poet's enthusiasm, and love of the beautiful and the good, though supported by the unselfish of all classes, wanted at first the support of the mere mob against the anti-democratic tendency of the *bourgeoise*. Besides, the poor, half ignorant, and suffering population, not the thorough artisans, were the men who had won the victory, and their choice was sacred. Thus, Ledru Rollin became Minister of the Interior, because, had he not, his opposition might have been dangerous; and Louis Blanc, the theorist and dreamer, without experience, without any practical knowledge whatever, was placed with Albert at the head of a commission of labor, where, above all, should have been men of stern patriotism, impartiality, and vigor. But not so. Louis Blanc, not a judge, but an advocate, had to decide between the masters and workmen, the former of whom he considered thieves, the latter as victims. A man who paints all the rich as miserable wretches, fighting duels, committing suicide, and hunting dangerous wild beasts to kill *ennui* — who describes competition as tyranny, and the enemy of commerce, as well as the exterminator of the people — who tells us that every rich trader is seeking to ruin his neighbour — who believes that laws can be made to fix wages and force consumption — who abuses society, because she has instituted laws against theft — who conceives property itself a robbery — who describes every workman out of employ as dying of hunger — who joins the insensate cry against machinery — who looks upon railways as a calamity, facilitating the movement of agricultural populations to towns, hideous lazars themselves, and causing a dearth of hands in the places where they are wanted, while they abound where they are not — who is blind to the vast employment they open up — who declares that one in nine of the population are on the verge of starvation, and all the result of competition — this man was placed where a wiser and less egotistical person would have feared to tread. But behind him were the Socialists, the anarchists, all the enemies of religion in the family, every thing sacred and human which exists; and the Government was at first forced to bear with him. Let us do Louis Blanc the justice to say, that his sympathies are with the poor — that he sees the evils of bad laws; but while his mind is fully capable of painting what is wrong in things that are, he is utterly incompetent, theo-

retic and Utopian, when he comes to apply the remedy. He neither understands the cause nor the remedy.

But it was not these ideas alone that made this party dangerous. Lamartine and his friends, loving their country, and wishing to rule well and nobly until the Assembly took the labor out of their hands, wished not only to hurry the elections, but to leave the country to decide freely and honestly, whether for Monarchy, Regency, or a Republic.

Lamartine sincerely desires a Republic, but would not cram the best possible government on an unwilling people. Not so Ledru Rollin and Louis Blanc, the Danton and Camille Desmoulins of the new revolution. They were Republican Socialists, and everybody else must be Republican Socialists also. They very soon found, however, that the country was against them. How the Communists were treated in the provinces will shortly be seen; but in the meantime we may mention, that every day the Minister of the Interior received assurances that moderate men alone had any chance in the provinces; that if ultra-democrats of the old revolutionary school were put forward, Conservatives would be elected. Louis Blanc, meanwhile, found that he had against him not only the masters, whom his theories seek to deprive of their hard earnings, but the better class of workmen, who were disgusted at the prospect of equality of salaries for the good, bad, and indifferent. Perhaps his diatribes against the industrious who put money in savings' banks tended somewhat to this. He thus speaks of this admirable institution: — "Blind and authorised receiver of a crowd of illegitimate profits, it receives, after ignorantly encouraging them, all those who present themselves, from the servant who robs his master, to the courtesan who sells her beauty." The fact is, Louis Blanc is against every one who has any thing, and against every institution which creates property. The one-sided views of this apostle may be judged of from this: — "Saving, let it be well remarked, combined with individualism — saving engenders selfishness, competes with alms, dries up imperceptibly in the best natures the sources of charity, replaces by a selfish gratification the holy sentiments of doing good. Combined with association, on the contrary, saving becomes respectable — becomes of sacred importance. To save but for one'sself is to show want of confidence in our fellow-creatures, and in the future; but to save for others as well as for one'sself is to make use of great prudence — it is giving to wisdom the proportions of devotion." It is incredible, that in a country where there is some common-sense, such nonsense and mis-statement should be swallowed, with the hint

that money spent in the wine-cup is better spent than in that which is in purchasing some little interest in the national stock. Besides, who ever saves for himself? Young men save to furnish houses for their wives, to commence business; fathers to provide for their children, or for old age.

But such is the man who, with Rollin, Cabet, Considerant, and others, is to disorganise, to reorganise society. It is for this reason alone that I allude to his theories. The project of this party was to keep the army from Paris — to send violent commissaries to the departments — to have Socialists and *sans-culottes* elected — to have a majority of working men, the minority, and large minority, of the nation — and, when the country showed signs of rejecting them, to adjourn indefinitely the elections. Of course, it was necessary for this purpose to decry the majority of the Government — firm, decided, and patriotic. To work they went, the *Presse*, reactionary paper, and the *Populaire* and *Ami du Peuple*, ultra-Socialist organs. They whispered there was treason in the camp, and, as much as possible, directed their arms against Lamartine. While the latter would perhaps have not been sorry to see many of the able men who were always combatting at his side in his struggles against despotism, the latter party were curious in their appreciation of the merits of the new legislators. To please the party of Ledru Rollin and Blanc, it was necessary either to have fought at a barricade, have been imprisoned by Louis Philippe, have been a conspirator, a poor suffering man, a declared Republican, or a Socialist. Most of these qualities had their merits, but none of them of necessity promised to give good republican legislators to the country. They were, however, the only ones received by the *Reforme*, and that party who treated all newcomers as intruders. The whole of France was, in their ideas, a kind of park for the fighters of the Republic, and we heard every day all men who dare invade their domain pitilessly denounced. On the other hand, the *National* and its party brought forward its men, stern and true Republicans, men earnest, sincere, and full of patriotic sentiments, loving their kind, wishing to raise the poor, but never entering into vamping abuse of those, by the better administration of whose property the poor will be the greatest gainers — I mean the rich. But at once they were libelled — in the Communists clubs, in the anarchical Mountain, in the club of Cabet, of Blanqui, of Raspail; while Rollin and Louis Blanc were lauded to the skies as very good Socialists and Communists, Lamartine was brutally attacked, denounced as counter-revolutionary; and now, as conspiring to bring in Henry

V.; now, as wishing to proclaim the Regency; now, as favoring the claims of the Prince de Joinville to the presidency of the Republic. Every hour, too, the provinces were denounced in a lump, and with justice, for the violence of the Paris ultra clubs frightened them, and the circulars of Ledru Rollin raised feelings of hatred and resistance. It was said that in the departments there were *chateaux* and *hobereaux* barbed with armorial bearings and illustrious in escutcheons, who kept the peasants in servitude and misery. Democracy frightened them, and Socialism made them shudder, and no wonder. Democrat as I am, republican as I avow myself, I conceive the despotism of Russia more tolerable than that of men who would deprive man of every liberty, take from him the impulse of industry, destroy home and the family, replace religion by reason, and make of man a mere machine of the state, to do the will of a committee ruling every thing social and political.

But the violent were either laughed at, or hissed in most of the clubs, while the Mountain saw its president taken up as a felon. The fact is, while the true Republicans labored on honestly, zealously, with sincerity and good faith, a band of spies, of anarchists, of schemers, who wished to trade in politics, took the lead in the demagogue clubs, and by mere force of noise succeeded in getting notoriety.

Among the most turbulent of the clubs was one of which L. A. Blanqui was the leading member. An *exalté*, one of the conspirators who had opposed the Government of Louis Philippe from the very commencement — who had fought, and conspired for nearly twenty years — he was now as inimical to the Government of the Republic as he had been to the monarchy. He was ever denouncing the majority of the cabinet as reactionary, monarchial, aristocratical, anti-social, and, in fact, was a kind of jackal for Messrs. Ledru Rollin and Louis Blanc. On the first of April, however, there appeared in a periodical\* a report, which created a storm in the club. It was an anonymous report on the affair of the 12th May, 1839, made by a member of the Secret Society to the then Minister of the Interior. It denounced all the secrets of the *société des Familles*, and was at once put on the shoulders of Blanqui, whose credit at once failed him, while his club almost fell to pieces. However, after a certain interval, he published a defence, the gist of which was, that Taschereau, and the editor of the *Revue*, had between them forged the document to put down an incorruptible republican. But his defence is so curious, and attaches itself so much to subsequent events, that a brief

\* *Revue Retrospective, ou Archives Secretes du Dernier Gouvernement.*



analysis of it is necessary. He denies, first, its authenticity, and boldly charges the forgery on the *National*, which at once makes his defence suspicious; this journal not only being incapable of such an act, but it being not worth their while. The whole of several pages is taken up with showing how the revelation could not be his; he denies the style, writing, &c., and asks how, after thus betraying his colleagues, he was condemned with them? Having done this, he seeks to fasten on the Provisional Government the odium of a forgery, and makes his defence a vehicle to rouse the mob against the new Republic. He pretends, that ever since the 12th May, 1839, all those republicans who did not turn out on that day had vowed his destruction, especially the *National*. He asserts, that on the 24th February, when in the midst of his joy, he arrived amongst the victors full of enthusiasm, he was treated with coolness. Very likely; for the political victors of that day knew him as an obstinate and ultra-Socialist, capable of spoiling all by his insane theories. He confesses that he was at once suspected of conspiring against the Provisional Government, and almost allows that he was suspected with good reason. He says—"the struggle now began; the *Société Républicaine Centrale* attacked with energy the retrograde acts of power. The preservation of the stamp on newspapers, the non-destitution of the old magistrates, the bad choice of commissaries, the disastrous decrees on the alienation of the State lands, the pre-payment of the quarter's interest on the debt—were measures prepared by me." He then informs us that the great demonstration of the 17th March was got up by him, to induce the Government to adjourn the elections, and adds—"The day of the 17th struck with terror the majority of the Provisional Government; it thought that it had escaped a great danger by a miracle. Absurd reports, perhaps the consciousness of its faults, persuaded him of the existence of projects of *renversement* and armed violence." He says, "that suspicions fell on him who had always demanded the adjournment of the elections, and that the Government made efforts to come to an understanding with them. These failing, they forged and published the piece in question." He grounds this accusation on the fact that the following note gave him warning on the 24th. It was a paragraph which appeared in some well-informed country papers, and which Auguste Blanqui accused the *National* of being too cowardly to publish in its own columns. "We could name the president of a club, who, fiery democrat, has been unfortunate enough to have betrayed the secrets of his political friends in order to save his life. The Provisional Government has many

pieces in its hands, and he can crush at any time those who would sap at the same time the social order which rules us to substitute therefor a bloody chaos under the name of fraternity. It will be disdainful and magnanimous until the day when it shall be forced to use reprisals." But the most curious part of the defence of Blanqui is that which proves, that while Lamartine and all the statesman of the Cabinet treated him with contempt, Ledru Rollin and his party were plotting with him. Messages passed, Blanqui was puffed and flattered, until the day when Tascherau published the fatal document. Blanqui concludes by addressing the following words to Lamartine and his friends:—"Re-actors of the Hotel de Ville, you are cowards! There are royalists among you, but I forgive them." But Blanqui, despite his big words, did not clear himself, and the accusation still hangs over him.

Why the Communists, Socialists, Labor-organisers, attacked with such virulence the pillar of the Republic, the only man of genius, save Arago, amongst the Cabinet—why Lamartine was accused in clubs and society of conspiring to restore the regency, is a question not difficult to understand. His genius and popularity alone were sufficient to pain and anger the envious mediocrities whom accident had placed alongside him; the universal demand of France to see him president of the Republic galled the ambitious, who knew that Lamartine would accept the post, not from ambition, but devotion; but beyond this his eloquence, his reasoning powers, militated against all the insane theories of the socialists.

Meanwhile the menacing threats against the Chamber not yet elected continued. Encouraged by the circulars of Ledru Rollin and his hot-headed bulletins, dated Ministry of the Interior, the clubs discussed the question as to what should be done if the Assembly were composed of an anti-Parisian majority. In the moderate clubs the question was adjourned, in the ultra ones it was decided that such an Assembly should be driven out at the point of the bayonet. Encouraged by these facts, and secretly aware of the willingness of certain *gouvernans* to aid them, the Socialists set to work. The Communists, headed by Cabet, contented themselves with discussing their theories and abusing the Government; but the Fourierists, a sect which wraps community of property, community of children, and legal prostitution in fine words, determined to go farther. Their schemes are correctly stated by the correspondent of a daily journal:—

"There is a party in France, represented by the *Démocratie Pacifique*, who speak a language understood only by themselves, and who are called Fourierists, Phalansterians, &c. Of this



party I knew little, and cared less, until lately; but I have taken the trouble to get at them, and from their own mouths to get at their ideas. On paper, their schemes are dreamy, vapid, and absurd; their actual wishes are wicked, despotic, and insane. The Phalansterians are at present engaged in forcing themselves on the Government, in cramming their theories down their throats. They desire, first, that, by a decree, the executive should take the Bank of France into their hands, without any regard to the interests of the shareholders. They then insist that, next week, by a decree, the Government should sequester all the property, houses, lands, &c., &c., of every individual in France, and, having committed this act of robbery, should carry it on for the benefit of society in general. Nothing more. The fact is, with all their fine words, the Phalansterians are a set of social disorganisers, utterly without principle — Utopists, who care for nothing so their plans be accepted. . . . The *Démocratie Pacifique* cries every day, "Bankruptcy, ruin," in order to produce it. Can anything be conceived more infamous? The desolation of families, the misery of the poor, stagnated trade, suffering, famine, death, so that they may try their insensate and absurd principles. But they must be exposed. Let the world know that they are the blind tools of some secret high personage, who finds, and has found them, money for years, and they are lost. Yes! The Phalansterians and their gang are serving the selfish ends of some one man, unknown, rich, powerful; but who is a mystery kept too close for me to pierce.

"Cabet, the communist, shows more sense than these men. He asks a slice of waste land to carry out his plans on. But the Utopias of Cabet, Considerant, and Louis Blanc, will find their level before discussion. Already the workmen of talent and industry are crying out against equality of salaries; and they are right. The theories of Louis Blanc are for the benefit of the idle, the profligate, the ignorant, the drunkard; but they are utterly subversive of the man of talent and industry."

This party, which before the Assembly will find its level, had discovered that their theories were daily and hourly received with less good grace. The generous and sincere Republicans, who would found the reign of a great and sublime democracy, scouted these theorists, and they found that terrorism was their only hope. Mighty, wonderful, awful, in the hands of Danton, Robespierre, Couthon, Carnot, terrorism became farcical in the hands of the Fourierists. But they deluded themselves into the belief, that because their paper, pamphlet, and books sold, they had an irresistible force in the country, and nothing would persuade them any other. They actually talked of carrying all the National Guard elections.

But despite the clear manifestation of the population of Paris, despite the fact that every-

where the National Guard were commanded by moderate men — by Republicans of the old school — the ultra-clubs, the anarchists, to whom republican government is as hateful as monarchical, continued their schemes. The most violent measures were brought forward, discussed, and sent up to the Government with menacing hints. The seizure of the Bank of France, of the railways, of all companies of life and fire assurance, were insisted on. The Fourierists demanded immediate sequestration of property, while all — equality of salary men, Socialists, Communists — united in abusing the Government majority and the *National*. The Government resisted; the *National* was pitiless in its exposures of the more violent of the leaders, and it got wind that troops would soon be brought into Paris. Indeed, two regiments entered the capital after a short parley with the mob. This party, ready to subvert, but never willing to construct, took alarm. Plots, conspiracies, were spoken of, and the most extraordinary rumors were afloat. The Hotel de Ville, Tuileries, and all the Government offices, were guarded with extreme care every night. The first had nearly a thousand men under arms, day and night, while cannon was posted at every issue.

At length the moment appeared to have come. Blanqui's defence appeared on Thursday, the 13th. The same evening it was read at the club of which he was the chief amid perfect silence. Once concluded, it appeared satisfactory to his friends, who carried him in triumph through the streets, and along the Boulevards, crying "Down with the Provisional Government!" "Down with the *National*!" The more hot-headed of the Fourierist party also thought the moment opportune; and it was finally determined on the Saturday to overthrow the Provisional Government. The majority were to be expelled — the minority, whom they knew would offer no resistance, were to be preserved. It was agreed that a Committee of Public Safety should be chosen; and it was. It was composed of the minority of the Provisional Government, of Blanqui, Raspail, Cabet, Sobrier, and other extreme demagogues. Time will fully explain the matter, but I believe that a correct idea of the day of the 16th April may even now be given. Messrs. Louis Blanc and Albert called together for the Sunday a vast assemblage of workmen in the Champ de Mars, to elect fourteen staff-officers of the National Guard; another workmen's assemblage was to take place in the Hippodrome. The materials for insurrection were thus got together. It remained for those who had the courage to come forward to induce this assemblage to act with them.

All Saturday night, the acting members of

the Committee of Public Safety sat in council; the ultra clubs met in secret *seance*, arms were prepared and distributed, and every preparation made for the intended insurrection. The morning arrived. From an early hour the working men began to assemble both at the Hippodrome and at the Champ de Mars. The agents of Blanqui and Co. went among them, and everywhere endeavoured to persuade them that the majority of the Provisional Government were reactionists, royalists, and traitors to the revolution. But meanwhile the scheme had got wind. The Provisional Government in council sent round *estafettes* in all quarters to rouse the National Guard: at half-past ten, the *rappel* began to be beat in the streets. The twelve legions of the National Guard at once obeyed the summons, and not only them, but the legions of the *banlieue*. By one o'clock, 130,000 armed men were in the streets of Paris. Of these, 50,000 went down and surrounded the Hotel de Ville, while 50,000 others occupied the quays and bridges, with 20,000 of the *garde mobile*, whose alacrity, good order, and discipline, were the subject of universal admiration. It soon became known that the Executive was aware of a plot against its existence, and everywhere the most enthusiastic wish to defend them was manifested.

Meanwhile, the conspirators found little sympathy from the workmen, who agreed to march to the Hotel de Ville to assure the Provisional Government that they had no intention of any kind against them. Blanqui & Co., in fact, found that it was a failure, their grand scheme of usurping power under the title of a committee of public safety. At the Hippodrome, the number of workmen—less than 5,000—were very loud in their threats. They talked of marching on the Hotel de Ville, and deposing Lamartine, Dupont, Marrast, and Garnier Pages; for whom they would have substituted Blanqui and his friends. But the attitude of Paris was too united, sublime, and menacing, to render the movement of any avail. In fact, the scene was magnificent. Nearly 150,000 men, from the banker, ex-duke, and ex-king—for Jerome Bonaparte was one—to the poorest working-man, turned out, and remained from ten in the morning until ten at night, to defend not only the government they had chosen, but their homes, their families, and the true principles of liberty. Besides, on that day the very basis of society, property, was in danger. Had the insurrection succeeded, France would, for a few hours at least, have endured the felicity of being governed by men who conceive property a robbery. An army of more than a million would, of course, have risen around Paris to

crush them; but in the meantime the national debt would have been swept away, the bank seized, property sequestrated, and many parts of Paris subjected to pillage and burning.

Still, the Blanqui gang made a march separate from that of the Champ de Mars' workmen to the Hotel de Ville; but meeting on their way with a detachment of the National Guard of the *banlieue*, they were forced to retrograde, and finally dispersed. That no doubt may remain in any one's mind, it is well to give a report of the sitting of the club of this party in the evening, as published by the *Union*:

"On Sunday evening, the attendance at citizen Blanqui's Central Republican Club was not very numerous, though it was expected that the proceeding would be more than usually interesting. Blanqui presided. The first speaker, one of the *bureau*, began by saying—'Today we have been vanquished, and I come to speak to you as conquered men, that is to say, with hatred in the heart and vengeance in the hand!' He then went on to say that, when the workmen were assembled in the Champ de Mars, a message was brought them on the part of the Provisional Government, to the effect that the Hotel de Ville was threatened, and that their assistance was required. 'But,' cried he, 'oh! what treason! Whilst we were thus being called on, an appeal against us was made to the National Guard, and the National Guard also were told that an attempt was to be made to overthrow the Government, and that they were required to defend it!' In compliance, he said, with the demand, the workmen hastened to the Hotel de Ville; but their astonishment was great, on arriving at the Pont St. Michel, to see the Hotel surrounded with bayonets. 'This,' he added, 'this, citizens, is the signal of reaction! There are men who have divided the inhabitants of Paris into two classes; but woe to those who have assumed the responsibility!' Another speaker said that the lesson which the people should deduce from what had occurred was never to descend into the streets unarmed. A third demanded that, in order to enable the people to assemble rapidly, which was at present impossible, an organization similar to that of the old secret societies—that of the *Droits de l'Homme*, for example—should be adopted. Citizen Blanqui said that that had not been done, because such measures recalled the times of tyranny, and that it had been hoped that under the reign of liberty they could dispense with such assistance. But he added that, 'as the counter-revolution was being organized, he would the next day nominate chiefs of sections, and establish the *Société Centrale Républicaine* on the basis of the old secret societies. A formal proposition to that effect was adopted."

Meanwhile, not the slightest opposition was offered to the advance of the column of workmen to the Hotel de Ville, who, after electing their officers, and having been induced to make a



demonstration in favor of Louis Blanc's organization of labor, came to offer a sum of money, the result of a collection, to the Provisional Government. They came down from the Champ de Mars, having on one side of them all the way the National Guard; on the other, the *Garde Mobile*. Every now and then, they would raise their guns in the air, and cry, *Vive la Garde Nationale!* to which they replied as heartily, *Vive la Garde Mobile*. The workmen, who took the hint, replied, "We are not with Blanqui; *Vive la Republique!*" They must have experienced considerable gladness at having so wisely refused to join Blanqui, in his insensate scheme, when they saw the tremendous display which was made against that party, and which would have been put into action at the first act of violence. Arrived near the Hotel de Ville, the delegates were admitted, and were, as usual, well received by the Provisional Government. To show how warmly the better portion of the Provisional Government were supported by the masses, I subjoin the report from the *Moniteur*, of several deputations which went up. The first was that of the pupils of the Polytechnic School, who, on being told that the Provisional Government was in danger, immediately repaired to the Hotel de Ville, to place themselves at its disposal. M. Lamartine addressed them.

M. Lamartine next received a deputation from the pupils of the School of Law, and warmly thanked them, in the name of the Government, for having joined in the manifestation of the citizens of all classes of Paris, "a manifestation (he said) the most honorable, the most patriotic, and the most admirable of all, since it would have for its result to preserve order and save society."

The National Guard also sent in a deputation to the Provisional Government, with an offer of their services. M. Lamartine replied to their address.

Meanwhile the *Ouvriers* continued round the Hotel de Ville, endeavouring to induce the *Garde Mobile* and National Guard to fraternise with them. But though they both showed the most friendly feeling, no one left their ranks. It was clear, that amongst the vast mass of artisans there were many inciting them to violence; but after several vain attempts at sedition, they were compelled to give up their schemes for the day.

The good feeling of the majority of the *Proletaires* may be judged of from the fact, that an emissary of the Blanqui party among them, who was unusually violent in his demonstrations and exclamations, calling them cowards, knaves, poltroons, because they would not make a dash at the arms of the National Guard, and drive them before them, capture the Hotel de Ville, and proclaim a Directory of *Ouvriers*, was arrested

by the people themselves, and handed over to the new republican guard. He attempted at first to make some resistance, but was soon overpowered. At the *Conciergerie* he was recognised both as a Socialist and a convict, in rupture of his ban.

This scene over, the *Ouvriers* retired to their homes. The National Guard, however, remained under arms; and in order to make a farther and more glaring show of their strength, began at five o'clock in the evening defiling before the General Courtais, and other members of the Provisional Government. It may be imagined what the number was, when they had only finished between ten and eleven o'clock at night. Along the whole line of the Boulevards, the scene was really magnificent. I scarce ever saw so prodigious a forest of bayonets. This done, they marched off to their various divisions, amid loud cries of *A bas les Communistes! a bas les Socialistes! a bas Cabet!* and still more significant, *A bas Louis Blanc! A bas Ledru Rollin!* So universal was the joy at the triumph of law and order, that the first spontaneous illumination since the 3d February took place.

I have here recorded what I heard or saw myself. The effect of this day was wonderful. The next morning men met with smiles; the journals, hitherto doubtful about speaking, came out boldly; and while defending the Republic, warmly denounced, without pity, anarchy and confusion. Several more carriages than usual were seen stationed on Monday outside the fashionable shops; more well-dressed people were noticed in the streets; business took an enlivened course, while on the Bourse the funds rose slightly. While all moderate men, whether republican of old or new date, rejoiced at the events of Sunday, the *Reforme* organ of Ledru Rollin sulkily refused to express an opinion, and the friends of Louis Blanc muttered that Lamartine was a re-actionist, a royalist, a regency man — every thing, in fact, which their anger could make them think of. They, however, stoutly denied having had any thing to do with any seditious movement on Sunday. Oh, no! no one knew of any such intention — no one had ever dreamed of such a thing; and those who talked of conspiracy were laughed at as old women by the ultra. But sorely at heart did they feel the check. It was announced that the clubs of the new movement would meet in great force — that the Committee of Public Safety (ridiculous mockery of the tremendous body once known under that name) would sit again on Monday evening — that the Communists would avenge the insult offered to them by the National Guard on Sunday.

This is what is believed and generally known



to have happened on the night of Monday. The Communists began about eight o'clock to congregate near their place of meeting, the *Salle Valentino*, a dancing-room of some celebrity; they found, however, that the proprietor did not any longer mean to allow the club to meet there. It was rumored that if he did, the National Guard would march in and expel the apostles of Cabet by force. Furious at this check, they dispersed to smaller and more secret places of meeting. Meanwhile the *Club Centrale Republicaine*, of which Blanqui was the leader, declared itself *en permanence* for the night, and from this centre of the attempted revolutionary movement sent round their emissaries to the faubourg St. Antoine and the Batignolles. Some thousands obeyed, but mostly without arms. To supply them, carts of muskets endeavoured to pass the barriers, but they were seized.

Despite this, however, the scantily-armed mob, who were deputed to do battle in the cause of Messrs. Blanqui, Raspail, and Co., surprised one or two posts, and no doubt, had they been suffered to have gone on all night, and to have sounded the tocsin as they had arranged, at four in the morning, the result would have been, in all probability, sanguinary.

But the Government were on the alert. About one in the morning the indefatigable *garde mobile* were on foot, and patrolling Paris in every direction. Everywhere the crowds which had collected in the night gave way before them, and the posts of the Batignolles were with the greatest ease re-captured.

Desirous of not alarming the citizens unnecessarily, the *rappel* was not beat for the National Guard until past five. It was then heard in every quarter of the town, and before eight o'clock more than 100,000 men were again on foot in Paris, while at a very early hour the battalion of the *banlieue* had arisen at the Hotel de Ville. Several detachments were sent to the barriers, and the two regiments in Paris were placed under arms.

The intended disturbers of the public peace were wholly disappointed. The fact is the elements of insurrection were wanting. In the old revolution, when the people rose, as on the 14th of July, to capture the Bastille, as soon as their work of fighting was done, they retired to their homes and scattered themselves over the poor and miserable quarters of Paris, to suffer, starve, and die. Then there was always ready a wretched and miserable class to whom death was utterly despicable, who were hungry, ignorant, and ready to follow any leaders who offered themselves. In this way all the subsequent insurrections were effected. It was always the same tools who served the purposes of all, good, and

bad, and indifferent. A committee would sit in some obscure hole — not a dozen men would be in the secret of the intended rising — and yet a few emissaries to the faubourgs, a drum and flag, or, best of all, a bold and active girl, not too ugly, would get up an *emeute* at an hour's notice. But the Government of the new Republic had before them the great lesson of the old revolution, and their very first task was to deprive designing men of the tools to work with. They knew that the same brave and gallant set who rose to annihilate the government of Louis Philippe, and who fought so well during the three days, might, if left in misery, poverty, and suffering, and even dispersed over the town, be made to join in a movement against themselves the day they could be persuaded that there were better men at hand, and that their misery and distress were caused by the Provisional Government. Instead, therefore, of allowing this, every one is aware that the very first act of the Executive was to organize the younger, more enthusiastic, and brave of the combatants into a *garde nationale*, called *mobile*, in opposition to the others, who were sedentary, and can only be used in their own immediate district. This done, the workmen thrown out of work by the revolution were provided with employment in the national *ateliers*, at wages quite high enough to give life and contentment. The women out of work were given 5d. a day, with which it is just possible to live in Paris.

The attempts at a seditious movement were, under these circumstances, contemptible and futile. All the harm they did was to spread alarm and fear on every side; but so rightly were they estimated, and so truly was their influence calculated, that the funds rose on the day of this second movement, and more still on the following. Men began to see that the word Republic was not so frightful after all; that once framed, this form of government is as conservative as any other; and that, while jealous of the rights and happiness of the millions, while laboring principally for their benefit, it can keep order, protect property, and put down anarchy, by the strong arm of the law, as well as the most ancient and most venerable of monarchies.

It is this knowledge that principally moved the ire of the anarchists. In overthrowing the government of Louis Philippe, the men of the *Democratie Pacifique*, and of the *Populaire*, hoped to upset also the reign of society; they deluded themselves with the notion that they were a party in the state, and were going to carry every thing before them with a high hand. When they found that under the Revolutionary Government law still had force, their anger knew no bounds, the more so that their doctrines were

never more rudely attacked, or so logically and nobly refuted.

The day of Sunday and Tuesday so wearied the National Guard, though they expressed a determination to turn out every day if it were necessary, that on all sides a demand was heard for the entrance of the army into Paris. At the Hotel de Ville and on the Place de la Revolution, there were loud cries of *Vive la Ligne!* while an eye-witness thus records a similar scene:—

"During the morning the National Guards, who had assembled on the Place Vendôme, went under the windows of the Ministry of Justice, and called for M. Crémieux. A deputation, composed of the eldest *chefs de bataillon*, and some captains, waited upon the Minister, and requested him to pass along the ranks of the legion at the same time as General Duvivier, who had arrived with his staff. The General, having also waited upon the Minister, they came down together, and passed along the front of the legion. The legion demanded permission to file off before the Minister and General Duvivier, who placed themselves at the foot of the column. The legion then marched past them in the midst of fresh acclamations."

In fairness, I give an analysis of the defence of Cabet. He thus writes to the journals:—

"Citizens—Several journals have announced that they saw me on Sunday in the Champ de Mars—the statement is erroneous. The truth is, that I was a complete stranger to the demonstration, and that I was from one to three o'clock in a meeting of shareholders convoked to hasten the departure to Icaria. I have written to the Government to demand an investigation, and I send you a copy of my letter, begging of you to insert it.—Fraternal salutation."

In his letter to members of the Provisional Government, M. Cabet says that he was occupied on Sunday afternoon in a general meeting of the shareholders of the *Populaire*, in discussing questions which concern the Icarian Communists, when he heard that the *rappel* was being beaten, and that it was reported that the Communists, headed by him, were assembled in a mass in the Champ de Mars, and were about to proceed in arms to the Hotel de Ville to overthrow the Government, and that they desired incendiarism and pillage. Notwithstanding these rumors, he and his friends calmly continued their deliberations. He adds, that the National Guard, from 80,000 to 100,000 in number, cried all the day and evening "Down with Communism!" "Down with Cabet! We must hang Cabet!" and that the threats against him were so violent, that in compliance with the wishes of his friends, he and his wife left their home. M. Cabet then says that no one ever displayed more

love and devotedness to the working classes than he, and that none ever labored more for their happiness and moralization. He never, he declares, demanded the application of his doctrines, which, he says, are those of the Gospel, by violence and constraint, but only by discussion, persuasion, and free consent; and he says that, in order to change nothing in France, his disciples had intended to emigrate to America, to try their system at their own risk and peril, and that a number of their brethren had actually left. If, he adds, he had been assassinated, his assassination would have been a disgrace to the people, the National Guard, the authorities, and the Government. In conclusion, he calls for an investigation, to ascertain what caused so many threats and dangers, and spread so many calumnies and falsehoods. In a postscript to his letter, M. Cabet says, that on Sunday evening a band of five or six hundred individuals went to his house, and cried "Down with the Communists! Death to Cabet!" That the proprietor of the *salle* in which the sittings of his club (the *Société Fraternelle*) were held, had declared that he could not let it any more to him, on account of the National Guards of the *banlieue* having declared that they would close it; and finally, that officers of the National Guard, at the head of their men, had waved their swords, and cried, "Down with Cabet!"

The next day was passed in peace. Every one talked of the danger which we had escaped, and of the fate of the next day, when people, *Garde Mobile*, National Guard, and troops were to meet in fraternal union. The funds rose both because of the past and because of the future. Men had more confidence after counting one another in arms; and being the first day of *Longchamps*, the avenue of the *Champs Elysees* was crowded with well-dressed horsemen, carriages, and pedestrians. The truth is, so far was confidence felt, that the Monarchists began to talk somewhat insolently. I heard many say, the republic is a *blague*, and will not last three months; others declared that a Regency should be at once proclaimed, and talked of cooking the people with ball-sauce, and such other ebullitions of the well-fed and well-dressed mob, which is, generally speaking, the worst of all. The host of sharpers, the men who lived on playing and betting in society, the parasites, the diners-out, the sycophants of great men, the *flaneurs* and idlers of life, of course view with indignation a revolution which takes away their occupation, while it in many instances leaves the awful prospect before them of being forced to do something honest and respectable for a living. Some of these gentry have been reduced so low as to go into the *mobile*. None



are louder in their denunciations of Lamartine than this class, because they see in the success of the Republic ultimate destruction to their hopes, while in violence and ultraism they discover a saving chance of bringing back monarchy and its incalculable blessings. Thus it is a fact, that all the men about town—that moral pestilence of great cities—are rank royalists or anarchists, both classes leaving a hope for them.

On the other hand, the days of Monday and Tuesday made many men of timid character, who before cursed the republic in their hearts, staunch friends to it, for now they began to see that it was, after all, a government like another, and that its executive would put down violence and riot quite as readily as the Czar of Russia would drive before him, aided by his Cossacks, his unmilitary landed nobility.

The poor had some reason to rejoice also on Wednesday, for on this day appeared a decree taking off the duty previously paid on meat at the city gates, which placed this indispensable article of food within the reach of the humbler portions of the community. The deficiency was ordered to be made up by a tax on all lodgers paying above 800 francs rent, on all carriages, on dogs, and male servants above one in number. This may not find favor with all; but if the rich are quietly suffered to enjoy their riches, it should, at all events, be on the condition that they pay the heaviest portion of the state burdens. This is the true spirit both of Democracy and Christianity.

From the very day on which the Republic was proclaimed, this was the great question which occupied all minds. The establishment of universal suffrage, the admission of every class of citizens to compete for the honor of representing the people in the National Assembly, brought upon the land a perfect chaos of confusion. It was felt by all parties that, on the good or bad choice made by the citizens, on this first momentous occasion, depended the success or failure of the Republic. The first difficulty was to register the ten millions or nearly of electors, who composed the sovereign people, and this was no easy thing. The labor was somewhat simplified by at once carrying upon the electoral lists all the old electors, and all the National Guard. It then remained for all those who were left out by these two processes, to claim their rights of citizenship by the 15th April. Lists were then made up, and deposited at the various *mairies* and schools; and it remained for the public to rectify any errors and omissions previous to the 20th at midnight.

While a vast majority of the nation registered themselves, a considerable minority showed them-

selves sufficiently careless or ignorant as to neglect this important duty.

But the organization of the voters was as nothing compared with the selection of candidates. Never since the invention of the representative scheme, did such a shoal of candidates ever pour down upon the devoted people, seeking the honor of representing them. Every club, every journal, had its list of candidates, while hundreds came forward on their own account, doomed to catch the thirty-fourth vote of some friend, and to endanger perhaps the chance of some better man. It became astonishing what legislative wisdom there was in the land. It may be interesting to notice first the representative inroad upon Paris. First in the field were the Royalists or Carlists, determined to make a chivalrous and gallant attempt at being at the bottom of the poll, while some of the most distinguished of this party, playing a more desperate game, became thorough Republicans in their circulars: of these were the Marquis de Larochejacquelin, Duke de Doudeville, who pledged himself to Democracy, and recanted at Royalism. The Church was not idle, but sent forth Father Lacordaire, the Dominican Friar, the libeller both of Republicanism and Protestantism, to ask for 42,000,000 francs, of which he alleged the Church had been robbed. The Louis Philippists were very cautious, because few, and put forth none in particular, confining themselves, both Opposition and Conservative, to the provinces. The moderate men, whether ex-Monarchists or Republicans, placed all the Provisional Government on their lists, save Rollin, Louis Blanc, Flocon, and Albert; while, on the other hand, the extreme men voted only for these four, making up the other thirty of Socialists, such as Cabet, Considerant, and others, and twenty workmen, in which they were aided and abetted by Louis Blanc and Albert. Then came other lists of a most varied character: those which include Blanqui, Raspail, Sobrier, Caussidière, Barbet, and other extreme men; the Democratic Club lists; the list of the *Voix des Femmes*; the list of the Labor Commission; the Dramatic and Poets' list, including Victor Hugo; the list at which Alexandre Dumas stood at the head; and others, too numerous to mention. Half of these were absurd, as having no chance of uniting votes, as the men offered were wholly unknown to any save a coterie. Coquerel, however, the Protestant pastor, received much favor. Writing, as I do, previous to the day of the elections, it is hazardous in me to give any opinion; but the best list, and that which appeared to me to have most chance of success, was one very much circulated, and which found favour with the *National*, the



*Siècle*, the *Patrie*, the *Constitutionnel*, and other liberal and republican journals. It contained Lamartine and Beranger, as representing literature, to Frenchmen the highest of arts; Arago in science; Garnier Pages, Wolowsky, Say, and other political economists; Marie, Cremieux, Dupont, lawyers; several eminent generals; two or three ex-Radical deputies; Schmit, author of *Cathéchisme des Ouvriers*, an opponent of Louis Blanc, and others of note.

Paris, on the day preceding Easter Sunday—the grand electoral day of the Republic—presented a strange, an unusual aspect. The walls were covered with *professions de foi*—the newspapers were but columns of names, with notes upon them—every man talked of but one thing, and that was how to find out 34 names which would satisfy his conscience. I had many opportunities of seeing how this duty puzzled its performers. Many found with ease a dozen names, by taking the moderate section of the Provisional Government; but after that the prodigious mass of candidates sorely troubled them. I know many men who pored nearly the whole day over the sheet of paper. They were quiet stay-at-home men; they were *bourgeoise*; they were workmen; they were ex-nobles; but none of them clubbish; some scarcely ever read the papers, and though they wished in the crisis to do their duty, it appeared to weigh upon them. It will be a curious statement to make, but at the earnest request of several persons I made out their list for them. They knew my opinions; they believed that my avocations made me cognisant of the character of most of the candidates, and they took my word for the rest. I may say with truth, that, had my list for Paris been accepted, I believe, that while the Republic would not have suffered, so neither would there have been any fear either of Socialism or anarchy.

Some of the warmest Republicans I know, while they admitted even Ledru Rollin, Albert, and Flocon, voted against Louis Blanc, whom every moderate person now began to call the labor-disorganiser. I am nowise surprised at this, as I believe no man could know his theory and not reject it. Ignorance, envy of all above them, idleness; the wish for the unskilful to be equally rewarded with the skilful, dislike of talent, mediocrity, dislike of the rich—such were the motives which actuated those who voted for this clever young man, who, ten years later, might probably have been fit for the legislator of a great country.

The clubs, on Saturday night, were most thickly attended, despite the evening being one of the most disagreeable I ever remember to have witnessed. In these, the candidatures were

again warmly discussed, and, to promote success, many were withdrawn; thus to ensure men voting with more unanimity. The discussions were hot and furious. In some, Ledru Rollin and his friends were struck off amid loud applause; while at others, Lamartine experienced the same fate. Still, this eminent citizen was the best received of any; for all knew him sincere, animated by deep love of his country, full of the true spirit, not of demagoguery, but of democracy, and anxious, above all, for the real welfare of the people, of the masses, of the poor, who will always be the first thought of by all but mere trading and routine politicians.

But not only did the Paris elections occupy our attention: the departmental affairs came also in for a fair share of notice. Nearly every province had its committee in Paris, while central clubs, connected with certain of the journals, made up lists which they forwarded for acceptance. In this way innumerable central candidates were added to the local ones. Amongst these were a vast number of editors, sub-editors, contributors to the newspapers, &c., such as Clement Thomas, of the *National*; Mallefille, Girardin, Weill, of the *Presse*; Ribeyrolles, Esquiros, Gouacte, of the *Reforme*; Xavier Durrieux, of the *Courrier Français*. These, with others, appeared several times in the same lists; and as many of them will, in all probability, be elected twice over, the country will be put to the trouble of a large number of second elections.

Of the means used to force candidates on the provinces, employed chiefly by the commissaries and emissaries of Rollin and his party—in general chosen from the violent ex-conspirators of the old reign—and which remind one of the acts of the old proconsuls, not a great deal need be said. Still I may remark, that the circulars of Ledru Rollin, the course pursued by his prefects, the Destitution Co., *maires*, and other officers, the proclamations of the commissaries, had in general quite a contrary effect from what was expected. The dictatorship was in a great measure rejected, and the cause of moderate, solid, and reasonable republicanism gained largely in consequence.

That the Royalists or Carlists did their most to promote reaction, I am aware. This party can never get rid of the illusion that Henry V. is the chosen of heaven—the anointed of the Lord, who must reign ultimately—and great hopes were raised in their bosoms by the fall of Louis Philippe. That the Republic is a state of transition from the Orleans dynasty to the elder branch, is a delusion which very generally prevails, and the result is twofold. The sensible, the calm and patient Royalists remain quiet, let

things take their course, and, for the present, are very good Republicans, and live in hope of the future. The second party—who love themselves, who wait for the return of the Bourbons, because they, the Royalist gentry, will then bask in court favor—too impatient to wait, address themselves at once to conspiring. Under all Governments, they have been the same. But now they spend money, push forward their candidates, and even in La Vendee threaten civil war.

Still, nothing justified the cry of reaction of the commissaries; and the senseless measures taken by many of that body, under pretence of there being a general conspiracy to put down the Republic, recoiled upon themselves, as will be seen more fully elsewhere.

Thus passed the time between the first organization of the elections and the eve of the eventful day which was to decide the fate of France.

Sunday, the 23d April, was, in Paris, bleak, wet, and cold, and in no wise calculated, by its appearance, to promote enthusiasm. The rain fell in torrents at first; still, at nine o'clock in the morning, I found that a very considerable amount of electors had voted, while many other persons began to deplore their negligence in having omitted to have themselves placed upon the electoral lists. The *Reforme* newspaper, organ of Ledru Rollin, came out on the very morning with its list, and, despite its connection with the Government, excluded every one but the four violent and obnoxious members. Great indignation was felt at this; and many a man, in consequence, excluded from his *bulletin* Flocon, the chief editor of that journal.

Several complaints as to gross negligence and fraud found vent during the day. In the 12th *arrondissement*, after making up the list in the most careless manner, the clerks of the *mairie* ended by giving electoral cards to all comers. In others, they were sold to the highest bidder; but the Government getting wind of this traffic, and of all these errors and disgraceful acts of negligence, took the most severe measures to prevent any voters from twice giving a vote. Marrast was particularly active in this. What the ultra section of the Government were at, it is worth examining. Messrs. Ledru Rollin, Louis Blanc and Co.'s dearest wish was to exclude Lamartine; and they did their best to bring about this result. I receive from one of my *collaborateurs* the following sketch of the election manœuvre, derived part from personal knowledge and part from the press:—

M. Louis Blanc, at the present moment, occupies a large share of public attention. The power which he exercises over a considerable

number of the working classes is very great. He has promised them such a great amelioration of their condition, that it is not wonderful that the idle, the lazy, and the vicious should enrol themselves under his standard. It is not only in Paris, where his doctrines have found admirers. They are more or less adopted, though almost always feebly, throughout the whole of France, and also in Corsica. As a writer, a political economist, and an orator, Louis Blanc holds a fair place; his doctrines, however, with regard to the organization of labor, are such as can never be possibly carried out. The more intelligent of the workmen whom he has from time to time addressed at the Luxembourg are fully aware of the inutility of his system. Ambition is the ruling feature in the character of M. Blanc, and his founding any thing which might give *eclat* to his name, would be to him the height of felicity.

Unpopular with a powerful party in France, he had some fears of the result of the scrutiny of votes for the General Assembly. No exertions were therefore spared to ensure his election. Nearly three hundred delegates passed the night of the 22d at the Luxembourg, in arranging the best means of assisting his canvass. This long and eventful sitting did not break up till eleven o'clock on the following morning. During the night, twenty candidates were chosen from amongst these three hundred. When all matters had been finally arranged, the assembled delegates mounted horses, which they took from the stables of the ex-guard Municipal, to the no small astonishment and discontent of the *Garde Mobile*.

The mission of these new cavaliers was to gallop all over Paris and the *banlieue*, to find all the distributors of lists of candidates, to take these lists from them, under pretext that they themselves would distribute them, and in their place to give their own ones, a million of which they had caused to be printed.

M. Emile Thomas, however, was almost as busy on the opposite side. He made every exertion possible to hinder the distribution of the list of M. L. Blanc. At the national workshops he is said to have offered two francs at the expense of the State, to the workmen who would proceed to St. Maur, and there replace the distribution of M. Blanc's list by his own. The workmen, although thus bribed, refused to do so. This is, I believe, an error.

#### THE CLUBS.

Of nothing have the Parisians taken so much advantage under the Revolutionary rule, as the liberty of meeting together—a liberty which was entirely denied them under the old *regime*.



So many clubs have been formed, that Paris every evening seems divided into thousands of groups, all met to discuss the momentous affairs of the state. Should you have occasion to seek a friend, you go in vain in search of him to the *café* which has been his usual resort for the last twenty years, or to the snug little room where he used to spend the evening in communing with himself. On making inquiry for him, you are only met with a look of surprise, which seems to disclose the inutility of your visit, and to ask you in return, how you can imagine that a *citoyen* can be anywhere else than at his club? Is it possible that he can be supping *café noir* combined with *eau de vie*, or playing dominoes, while the mighty questions of the state are being discussed? No; he is a better patriot. He is at that moment at the tribune questioning and cross-questioning the worthy *citoyen*, who has come forward as a candidate to represent the interests of *la belle France* in her National Assembly. All amusements, and the pleasing relaxations of life, are forgotten. He has entered a new career, he has become a statesman. All his former conversation about balls, concerts, the opera, &c., are for ever banished, and politics alone is the field in which he breaks a lance.

A club is thus formed. Three or four friends meet together in the little *chambre garnie* of one of their number. Propositions are made, seconded, and unanimously carried. A president and secretary are appointed. A popular name is fixed upon, such as the "Alliance," the "Union," the "Democratical," &c. A second meeting is appointed for a couple of days after, and the rush of adherents is so great, that the *chambre garnie* cannot contain the half of them. Another place is now sought for, such as a school-room, hay-loft, or, in truth, any building which will afford them sufficient space to meet in, and the whole affair is set in active motion. It is now that the elements of discord appear, and it is found, that out of the hundreds who have thus been promiscuously mixed together, scarcely two are of like opinion. Confusion and disturbances of all kinds follow each other, and it is perhaps proposed, that as nothing practical can be attained, the club be dissolved, and that every one should carry his doctrines wherever he shall think proper. Thus, two, three, or four new clubs spring up out of the original one, and each of these being strongly reinforced, it becomes in its turn the parent of many fresh ones. For instance, the club *des Artistes*, which was originally a very small one, has broken into eight parts, every one of which now far outnumbered the original parent. If we take the number of clubs at Paris to amount to one hundred, we shall certainly be within the mark; and

supposing each contains about 1,000 members, we thus have a grand total of 100,000 men, who meet nightly to discuss the prospects and destinies of their country. The loss inflicted on industry and trade by these nightly meetings must be immense. The *Maire* of Paris thought it such a serious matter, that he issued an address dissuading the people from too often attending such assemblies, as tending to no good purpose, and being often a loss of time, which could be much more profitably employed. There was certainly much truth in this, as it is scarcely conceivable how a workman can labor all day, and afterwards take a part in political proceedings till midnight, or perhaps until morning. Not only must he be physically worn out with fatigue, but his mind being filled with agitating sensations, he will be prevented from giving proper attention to his ordinary duties. The address was, however, of no avail; and that every man should have his particular club, is as necessary to him, under existing circumstances, as that he should be lodged and fed.

But if the men have their clubs, why, under the equal rule of a Republic, should not the women have theirs also? To sit at the men's clubs, and to be nothing more than silent spectators, was not sufficient for the French female Republicans, and boldly emancipating themselves from such thralldom, they established clubs for themselves. The reasons which they gave for acting thus independently were at least plausible. They said, that the men at their clubs talked of nothing but of *their* rights and duties, never seeming for a moment to take into consideration that they were only speaking and acting for the one-half of mankind. On *their* part, the women declared that they had both an equal right to say in the affairs of their country, and that they considered, with a little practice, they would become as good legislators as the males. Clubs of women were thus formed: a lady president and secretary were appointed, a newspaper advocating their interests, and principally conducted by women, was established, and the "voice of women" was loudly heard, both through their own sweet lips, and by means of their journal, which characteristically took that significant title. The French women count amongst their most zealous advocates, Miss Knight, the Quakeress, who came to Paris on purpose to assist them in organising their new society. Miss Knight, if we were rightly informed, never in her own country appeared as an orator; however, in Paris, she fairly broke the ice, and made a little speech which was immensely applauded. Her particular religious doctrines, although not much relished by her French co-disciples, were passed over without

comment; her sincerity, and the exertions which she had made for the cause, reconciling them to these little eccentricities. While speaking of the women's club, we may notice a memorable *seance* in which Madame George Sand was proposed, and unanimously approved of as a member of the National Convention. More polite than the men, they did not cite the fair candidate before them to answer questions, but at once taking it for granted that she was a good citizen and a Republican, they sent her the minute of their approval. The fair and talented authoress, far from accepting with pleasure and gratitude the intended honor thus conveyed to her, wrote a letter to the *Reforme*, in which she stated that her conviction was, that the whole affair was little better than a joke. Still more, she told the ladies of the club, that not having the honor of being acquainted with them, she would feel much obliged if they would in future attend to their own affairs, and not give themselves any concern about a stranger. Thus, if the club of the women wants to be represented in the Convention, they must look out for some one else. Notwithstanding the antipathy of Madame Sand, the meetings of the ladies are by no means to be entirely despised. One thing which we can say in their favor is, that they are conducted in the most orderly manner, and are productive of none of those scenes which are subversive of all sense and order, and which daily take place in the Parisian male clubs.

In describing one of these scenes, we may be said to describe them all, as the routine is always the same, and the only variety is, that some evenings are more stormy than others. The club-room is a large hall, with an erection at the extreme end, called the tribune. A few seats are placed all around this, but to arrive at one of them is a happiness that must never be expected; so that the great majority of the audience content themselves with bare standing room. At eight o'clock the president ascends the tribune, and endeavours to command silence, by violently sounding his bell. This being but of little avail, he ceases, and the noise and confusion continue as before. At length he endeavours to make himself heard, and declares that he will immediately dissolve the assembly, unless immediate quiet takes place. All, however, is in vain. At length an agitation is perceived near the door, and cries are heard to give place to a gentleman who is elbowing his way with difficulty through the crowd. This is one of the candidates, and his presence at the tribune in a manner produces silence. The president's bell is now heard; those who are fortunate enough to have seats are ordered to sit down, and those who have not, are told to avoid moving about, to take off their hats,

and to listen to what is about to be said. The orator then makes his *profession de foi*, and on its conclusion, he declares that, should any one think it necessary to put any questions to him, he is ready and willing to answer them. ●

Prompt advantage is taken of this liberty, and the candidate undergoes as searching an examination as if he were under the hands of Queen's councillors.

It is astonishing, indeed, to perceive how well the audience seem to understand the great questions of the day. Their demands are made in the most clear and distinct manner. Their confidence is unbounded, and no storm of disapprobation will cause them to give up their point. Difficult, indeed, must it be for the candidate to answer all their questions. A shoemaker asks him a question about leather, a grocer about sugar, a teacher about education, a social economist about divorce. Each of these questions causes roars of laughter. Each is perfectly understood by the interrogator; and should the candidate not answer "categorically," the question is again put, and explanations demanded. The citizen Wolewski, badgered by these and like questions for nearly two hours, at last fairly gave in, declaring that although he would do his best to inform himself on all the questions on which he might be called to vote, if returned to the National Assembly, still he had never pretended to be a "walking encyclopædia." This frank admission was received with roars of applause.

Cries of "Vote! vote!" resounded from all sides, and the citizen Wolewski was unanimously declared a fit and proper person to represent their interests in the Convention.

The scene of M. Coquerel, the Protestant minister's rejection, was curious. From the first it was evident that he had not a shadow of a chance. Although his splendid oratorical powers caused him to be listened to for a few moments, such was but transient. He was soon met with cries of "No sermon," "Don't preach," so the orator was obliged to stop short, and declare himself ready for the "interpellations." These came thick and fast, and politics and religion were strangely mingled together. The confusion was awful; the president sounded his bell, and called for silence in a voice of thunder. "Gentlemen," said he, "we shall never come to an end, if we enter into the wide field of theological discussion. I am willing that every citizen should question Pasteur Coquerel on political matters, but let us leave religious questions aside for the present."

Here he was interrupted by a tall man, with an immense black beard and moustachios, who roared out, "Pasteur Coquerel, what is your opinion with regard to the law of divorce?"



This question was received with shouts of laughter. A great number called out "No, no!" others "Yes, yes!" and the president's bell was again in full play.

"Allow Pasteur Coquerel to speak," shouted he; "every citizen has a right to make his demand; and I sanction the question, which is of the last importance."

We may here remark, that every question which had been put during the whole evening was always declared to be of the last importance. Some of them, notwithstanding, appeared to be, in reality, trifling enough.

The question on divorce was rather a poser for M. Coquerel, as Protestants and Catholics look on this subject in very different lights. He commenced most cautiously, saying that he had yet much to learn; and that this, amongst other questions, he had not fully studied. According to his interpretation of Scripture, divorce was not forbidden, but, perhaps, morally, it might be injurious to the welfare of society. This answer not being categorical, a storm of disapprobation followed, and cries of "Vote, vote!" resounded from all sides.

The vote was accordingly taken, and the Pasteur Coquerel was unanimously rejected.

Any one who was suspected of being a Carlisle was very severely handled. The Marquis de la Rochejacquelin stood in this predicament.

"Will you always resist the return of Henri V.?" he was asked.

The Marquis endeavoured to shift the question, and went into a long statement of the services of himself and family in the cause of their country. This would, however, by no means satisfy the audience; and it was demanded that he should answer, "yes" or "no," without equivocation. Thus driven into a corner, in the midst of an excited multitude, the Marquis was obliged to give a categorical answer, and to declare that he would support the Republic without any *arrière pensée*. This statement had a magical effect; and, on the vote being taken, the Marquis was declared a proper representative.

The scenes at some of the ultra-revolutionary clubs were of the most violent nature. The existence of the Deity was called in question, and but narrowly escaped rejection. At those where the fame of the president was great, no one was allowed to offer an idea contrary to his, without being immediately told that he was a bad Republican, and ought not to be heard. But few had the courage to oppose, and the president had it all his own way.

At the club of M. Raspail, one evening, a man stood up and commenced a speech, which was opposed to this gentleman's opinions. He was immediately interrupted, amidst great con-

fusion. However, he was not to be put down, and still continued gesticulating, although not a word of what he said could be heard.

On order being somewhat restored, M. Raspail again told him that he could not be heard; on which the man replied that he considered every citizen had a right to express freely his opinions; and should he not be allowed to do so quietly that evening, he would come the next armed with a dagger, which he would not scruple to use against the president, if he denied him a hearing. Such boldness had the desired effect, and he was much cheered by the audience. The president evidently thought he had carried his dictatorial powers somewhat too far, as he beat a quick retreat, and was not heard of for some days.

At the various Communist clubs, nothing was talked of but their own doctrines, and the best and most efficacious means of carrying them out. The wildness of some of their schemes is beyond belief, and to bring them into practical operation would require man to be formed very differently from what he is. Were all men equally virtuous, industrious, and capable, there might be some chance of their ideas being wrought out; but while we live in a world composed of so many discordant parts, never will such doctrines be practicable, if they were desirable.

Mysticism holds a high rank in their discourses. If one complains at the end of a long speech that he cannot comprehend any part of what has been advanced, he is told that he must study the science — that it is both complete and perfect, but, to be comprehended, that it must be deeply reflected upon. Thus they tell you that they can clearly see the means of making every man both equal and happy, but that such knowledge is confined to a few of the initiated. What folly it would be, they exclaim, to wait for the distant and uncertain term when the multitude would be sufficiently instructed to comprehend those schemes; it is far better to take them in a manner by force at present, and in being made happy they will be the more willing and able to be instructed. Such grand promises are held out — their doctrines are so much in accordance with what the idle and unambitious would wish for — they are clothed in such specious language — pleasures are freely offered which are now of the most difficult attainment — and the whole is surrounded with such a novel and mystic charm, that one can hardly wonder that the unthinking, the vicious, and the idle are carried away by them. Thus they have no lukewarm followers. All their adherents are completely attached, while their enemies allow them no quarter.

As an instance of the scenes which take place

in some of the violent clubs, I make an extract from the *Mode*, a Carlist organ, it must be remembered :—

“Decidedly the declaration of Robespierre, on the rights of man, is the order of the day. Yesterday, in a club, every one who wished to speak was made to sign the charter of truth of the rights of man.

“A person ascended the tribune, signed, and commenced speaking.

“‘However, citizens,’ said he, interrupting himself, ‘I regret having signed the charter of the rights of man, and I desire to cancel my signature.’

“‘Why? why?’ was asked from all sides.

“‘It is because I have read in those regulations that the earth belongs to man, and I do not believe it. (Cries, menaces, and noises of all sorts.) No, citizens, I do not believe it; for I am certain that the earth belongs to God, and that man is only a lodger.’

“‘True! true! No! no! Vote!’

“The vote was taken, and God was found proprietor by a majority of two voices.”

The late revolution was the occasion of the liberation of thousands of persons from the *surveillance* of the police. Some of these men were not slow in taking advantage of their good fortune. One of the most remarkable is Juin D' Allas, who suddenly made his appearance on the political horizon, where he shone for a short time as a meteor of the first magnitude. On the

news of the revolution reaching this person, he hastened to Paris, where he immediately put himself in communication with the violent party, and soon succeeded in establishing a club called *la Montaigne*, of which he was appointed president. However, that no trace of his former career might interfere with his present one, he adopted the name of Michelot, under which he commenced his political life, which, unfortunately for him, turned out but of short duration. He commenced on a great scale, and the advertisements of his club covered the walls of Paris. Every one was astonished. Who was this Michelot? No one seemed to know any thing about him. Thus he continued to engage the public attention for some time, when, suspicion having fallen on him, inquiries were set on foot, and his true character was brought to light. One morning a descent was made on his hotel by the police, and his political life was brought to an end, for M. Michelot, President of the Club of *la Montaigne*, was found to be identical with Juin D' Allas, who had been condemned at the Court of Assizes of the Seine in 1840 to perpetual banishment.

Thus his political journey to Paris has turned out but an indifferent speculation, as he has again been sent to the galleys, from which he will find it a difficult matter to escape.

— *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.*

## DESSALINES AND TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

### AN EPISODE IN THE HISTORY OF HAITI.

A gentleman travelling, about a dozen years ago, among the picturesque but seldom-trodden wilds of the mountains of Cibao, in the interior of Haiti, stopped, at the close of evening, to rest his horse and refresh and shelter himself for the night, at a small inn by the roadside. This inn proved to be the property of a Mustee woman, about fifty years of age, who had formerly been a mistress of the first black Emperor of Haiti, Jean Jacques Dessalines; and who, on the traveller entering into conversation with her, told him some striking incidents of Dessalines' life not generally known. Her story, such as it was, is now laid before the reader, interlarded with other facts, heard from the natives of Haiti, concerning the Emperor's co-laborers, Toussaint L'Ouverture, Christophe, and others.

It is necessary to preface any thing relating to Dessalines with some short account of the state of the island of St. Domingo before the break-

ing out of the Revolution in 1791. When the colonists elected themselves to legislative functions, on the dismemberment of France, the mulattoes, on account of their color, were excluded from all share in the government of the island, though many were men of property and of the highest education; and this, more than the slavery of the negroes (as is generally supposed,) was the cause of those horrible events which subsequently occurred. A great many of the yellow people leaving the colony settled in the mother country, and in Paris enrolled themselves into a society called “*Amis des Noirs.*” Those who remained in St. Domingo, devoted entirely to the race of their mothers, repeatedly expressed to the blacks their anxious desire to see them free. This conduct caused many negroes to rebel, and sundry mulattoes were therefore brought to trial, and executed. Among the first of those who thus suffered was Ogé.



Early next morning, these two negroes having effected their escape from their masters, and assumed (what is common among the blacks) their proprietors' names, which were Dessalines and Christophe, were climbing the sides of the lofty mountains, near the source of the river La Troulbe, on the verge of the Spanish possessions. It was about an hour before daybreak, and the air was perfectly calm. Occasionally, a sudden and confused noise, like the shrieks of women and children, spread up from the neighbouring villages and plantations at the foot of the mountains. Suddenly Christophe stopped, and laying his hand on the other's arm:

"Hush!" said he. "Listen!"

Dessalines (as we must henceforth call the black carpenter) listened attentively. Through the breathless air, sounds, like the barking of powerful dogs, proceeding from a great distance, burst from the opposite side of the mountains.

"Here come bloodhounds!" he observed, in a subdued but excited tone of voice. "We are certainly lost unless we climb some tree. Here is a wild fig. In its boughs only can we hope for safety. Climb."

They clambered up into the tree with nimble agility, and reached almost the topmost boughs. Scarcely had they laid themselves down straight on one of the vast limbs of the gigantic wild fig, keeping their heads against the bark, and entirely concealing their bodies from the sight of any one below, when some unhappy wretches, — a black woman with a babe in her arms, and her two sons, boys of about eight and nine years of age, — screaming from terror, rushed out from some bushes, in the attempt to run from the pursuit of bloodhounds, which, here hunting them down, flew at them with a hideous yell, and threw them on the ground; then growling in a dreadful manner, devoured their flesh from their bones. With their jaws drenched with gore, the horrid animals, then barking loud, and snuffing along the ground, came up to the tree, and stopping at the trunk, leaped against it, and howled for their prey. Presently their keepers and a body of French troops, armed with muskets, came to the spot, and seeing the motion of the dogs, looked up into the tree; and one of them discharged his musket into its branches. A second elapsed; then a few leaves and the musket-ball came rattling down about his ears, whereupon, with French levity, bursting into a peal of laughter, he and his comrades, chasing on the dogs, pursued their way, skipping through the long grass in their white gaiters. Dessalines and Christophe then descended from the tree.

"We have had a very narrow escape," observed Christophe, almost in a whisper.

"Come along," shouted Dessalines, grasping the other by the hand with a wrench, and with his brow furrowed with savage frowns.

Down the back of the mountain they went, and in due time reached a sandy desert plain, which separated the French possessions from the Spanish Cantons; and here, finding assembled a multitude of negroes who had rebelled, they enrolled themselves among their number.

At that time the negroes had not united themselves into an organised body, but separating into small parties, hid behind hedges on the roadside, in the open country, or behind trees and rocks in intricate mountain passes, and rushing out upon every white passenger, barbarously massacred him. From this — as they resembled Italian highway-men — they acquired the name of bandits, which ever afterwards adhered to them.

In the week after Dessalines and Christophe had thus joined these black banditti, the estate of M. Flaville was fired; and on the morning of the conflagration, just as the sun was rising, the proprietor, in his endeavours to escape from the country, was galloping on horseback at full speed, along the *Chemin de l'Eglise*, which leads to the Bay de L'Acul. As he reached a winding in the road, Dessalines, with a number of companions armed with bludgeons, sprang out from a lurking-place in a thicket of bamboos, and, stopping the Frenchman, knocked him off his horse and murdered him.

"Ho! ça! mes frères!" cried Dessalines, brandishing his weapon over his head with a fierce gesture as he spake. "This white man is done for. Now comes the turn of M. Galifet, after him, M. Clements, and then M. Bayon de Libertas. All these three white men bear no good will towards the black men. Let us go to their houses, burn their buildings, and deprive them of their lives. Huzza! mes frères, huzza!" And Dessalines, in his check-shirt tucked up over his right arm, dashed through the citron hedge by the road side, followed by his companions, shouting wildly. As he said, so he did.

That night the fire shells were sounding on the estates in the neighbourhood of Roncoaw, while straggling lights were gleaming through the wood between Les Habitations Noé and L'Hericourt. It was the depth of night, and M. Bayon de Libertas, the *commandeur* (or manager) on the former property, was, at the time, in bed, but was soon startled from his sleep, by the sounding of the shells and the shouting and shrieking of the negroes. The first object that met his vision was the glare of flames flickering against the roof and ceiling of his chamber. He sprang from his bed, almost beside himself from fear; just then his faithful negro, Toussaint, entered the room

He had particularly endeared himself to the sons and daughters of Africa, by taking a very active part to procure their emancipation; and he had been long and early loved by Dessalines. On the morning that he was hanged, Dessalines was one of the throng of blacks collected on the Plaine du Nord to witness his execution. The poor negroes fell overwhelmed by the stroke of Ogé's death; one in particular, overcome by the misfortune, had broken out into a fit of weeping, when a short, stout negro, about forty years of age, with something very remarkable in his appearance, came up behind him and touched him on his shoulder. Looking up, the negro met the glance of the stranger's meditative eye.

"Why do they hang that man?" said the other, pointing towards Ogé.

The negro replied that he did not know, but he believed because the lawyers said that he had stolen, or, rather, got things that the negroes had stolen, and bought with them a small country-house. "What then?" exclaimed the other, in a commanding but stern tone of voice. "Do you not think that white men also buy stolen things? There stands your master; go and tell the constable 'Run-hold-him-fast!' He knew you were stolen from your father and mother, yet he bought you. Well, if the black rascal is to be hanged for stolen things, I hope the white rascal will be hanged too, for the same thing, — *when we catch him.*"

Uttering the last few words in a significant tone, he turned on his heel and disappeared.

It was Dessalines — a man — as the above speech is sufficient to prove him to have been — of a wild and flighty mind, but yet of a composed and melancholy behaviour. His spirits, at this period, were much relaxed by his heart resting entirely on the vague and shadowy, but strong and overpowering, hope of the independence of Haiti and universal liberty. He worked pensively at his tasks, and was at times unboundedly irritable — sickening with impatience at the delay of that relief for the negroes which he so ardently coveted. Whenever he was from home — and he was often absent from his master — he was rendering himself romantically intimate with negroes of similar dispositions; and to them he laid bare his whole heart. So time rolled on.

It was the noon of May-day, 1791, and the sun was blazing on the deserted quay which overlooks the bay of Cape Français. The sea-breeze was rustling through the foliage of the tall palm and cocoa-nut trees which shaded the pleasant Esplanade, and the gray tri-colored flag was fluttering round the *Vigie*, or signal post on one of the summits of Morne du Cap. Suddenly a negro, of a highly intelligent expression of countenance, drest in a linen shirt

and trousers, and carrying a basket of fruit on his head, descended the hill side, from one of the pretty country-houses along the road to the village of Limbé. Arrived on the spacious and well-paved quay, he stationed himself under the shade of a tamarind tree, and, standing still for several seconds, examined every object carefully, when suddenly casting up his eyes, he saw on the roof of a small house, at the corner of the Rue St. Joseph, a middle-aged negro, short, stout, and with a strongly-made frame, driving nails into boards, and hammering shingles on to the roofing of the edifice. Recognizing Dessalines in the black carpenter, he entered into conversation with him. He spoke of the hanging of Ogé, and of the breaking on the wheel of Chavane; 4000 negroes rising and making a stand in behalf of their race against the French soldiers on the plantation of Monsieur Latour on the plain of Cul-de-Sac; of 2000 more rebelling in the same cause in the Parish of Mirabbaïs, burning sugar, cotton, and coffee plantations, and killing the whites indiscriminately. "And now," continued the negro, "they are going to Port-au-Prince, to burn that also, and, as my master says, to 'grab hold of every thing they can.'"

"So it is always," here exclaimed, in a fiery manner, Dessalines, who had hitherto been listening with patience to what his friend had been saying to him. "When black men go together in a body, the white men say they steal every thing. Well; and the white men — Do they steal nothing? Your master, now, I will be bound, does not give you food enough. Say to him, — 'Sir, you starve me; give me more.'"

"He will tell you the American privateers steal all the vessels laden with provisions."

"He says so."

"Ay; and a very good story 'tis, when told twice or thrice; but, told over again and again, for a hundred times, who believes the truth of it? Your master is a robber of your provisions. Harken!" continued Dessalines, striking the shingles passionately with his hammer, "if the American privateer every day steals the vessel with herrings and salt-fish, why does he never steal the vessel with the grabbing-hoe and the pick-axe, the saw and the hammer?"

A new light flashed across his countenance.

"There! I have done with the work of masters for ever!" he cried, in a loud angry tone, and tossing, furiously, his hammer into the middle of the street beneath him, and commencing to descend the ladder. "Come," said he to the other, "do you, too, leave your master's work, and join with me these black men who steal every thing. And woe to the white men and the masters of St. Domingo!"



awaiting the coming of the morrow in despair. It was somewhat past the middle of the night, when his attention was roused by seeing a slender black man, a little above the middle height, attired in a field officer's uniform, descending into the ravine from the opposite side of the valley from the Black's camp. In the easy and almost elegant deportment of the black general, he did not at first recognise his old slave.

"What brings you back to Haiti, my kind, old master?" said Toussaint L'Ouverture, as he stood before the iron bars of the cage.

"The quelling of the insurrection, and the hopes of dwelling on my old property protected by you, Toussaint L'Ouverture, from the violence and resentment of your brethren."

"It is not possible for me to do that. Even now the greatest danger awaits you. Tomorrow they mean to hang you; and if I attempt to save you they will kill me. My brethren will have vengeance on all white men. Leave then this island this night; and bear with you the good wishes of a grateful heart, and one, who, though he has a black skin, knows how to do his duty."

"Noble Toussaint!"

"Thank me not. But quit this spot. Go to the coast of St. Marc. There is a ship ready to transport you to the shores of America; and, when you leave Haiti, never more return."

Toussaint L'Ouverture then unlocked the door of the prison, and, relieving M. Bayon de Libertas of his weighty chains, saw him depart in safety, and returned to the camp of negroes.

The independence of Haiti was destined to be soon disturbed by the influence of foreign powers. Bonaparte being then at peace with all Europe, turned his thoughts to the re-conquest of that island. Thither, with that object in view, he despatched 30,000 troops, and his brother-in-law, Le Clerc, to be captain-general and chief magistrate of the colony. Toussaint resisted the authority of Le Clerc; and a proclamation was issued, declaring him an outlaw and ordering all to pursue and treat him as an enemy of the French Republic. This corrupted the fidelity of his soldiers, and Dessalines proposed that some other general be promoted to the chief command, which was accordingly done; and the command of the army was transferred to him.

While Toussaint was thus deposed in his command, a little Danish schooner, bound from America to one of the small West Indian islands, was driven late in the afternoon, one day, by the violence of a hurricane, close under the walls of the Cape Français, near the battery. Assistance was given by the soldiers, and the crew being mostly Frenchmen, were carried to the fort, and the next morning conveyed to Breda. Among them was M. Bayon de Libertas, who had thus

been unfortunately cast again upon the inhospitable Haiti.

"We must release these prisoners," said Toussaint L'Ouverture, when his old master and the others were brought before the court-martial: "for we make not war with the elements."

"They remain our prisoners," said Dessalines, "as if taken in battle."

"One of them has been here before," said Biasson, "and escaped, no one knows how. This time he must be removed to prison, and have a double guard to watch him."

"And be hanged at sunrise in the morning," said Dessalines.

The generals arose and retired, except Dessalines and Toussaint L'Ouverture.

"If you are my friend," said Toussaint L'Ouverture, "you will not condemn these men. Save them from death; they are innocent. Grant me the pardon of, at least, one of them; he was my master, and kind and good to me."

"He must perish, to satisfy the army," said Dessalines, fiercely. "They must not say that favour is shown to any white man. He must perish, because he is white. His color is his guilt."

"Oh! Dessalines, what can I say to this?"

"Nothing solid, I will own."

The dawn approached; and, meanwhile, during the night there had been erected on a declivitous plain, between a small wood and the Black camp, several gibbets. At day break, a number of people were assembled under them, for the purpose of executing the unfortunate Frenchmen. Toussaint L'Ouverture was sitting on the fortifications of the camp. He cast his eyes towards the plain on a particular gibbet; he saw the men adjusting the rope, and the victims standing under it: he could gaze no longer; he turned his eyes aside for a few moments, and when he looked again, he saw the body of M. Bayon de Libertas swinging in the air.

A wild commotion of thoughts swept over his mind, and he yielded to its influence.

"I have leagued with vice," he thought, "vice which destroys, but never spares life. Dessalines has no humanity, no charity. He has no generous feelings; none, none."

He bent his steps to the camp of Dessalines, and as soon as he was in his presence, cast his sword at his feet.

"General," said he, "that sword I drew in the cause of honor, but now I resign it; for I am the enemy of oppression, and will not be the assassin of innocent men. I am no longer your soldier."

At this period a social circle of friends, consisting of generals, colonels, captains, and other

with tottering steps, and a voice broken by convulsive agitation :—

"Fly, Sir," said he; "for the love of Heaven, fly. The bandits, who are on the estate destroying everything, come to burn us out—to cut our throats. Already, on the adjoining plantation, have they murdered M. Clements."

"Haste, Toussaint; fetch me my coat and hat. I will put myself on board a ship in the harbour, and sail for America."

"It is indeed imperative, Sir," said the negro.

"Come with me, and I beseech you be cautious; for if the brigands see us we are infallibly lost."

M. Bayon de Libertas, mounting a horse, galloped hurriedly down the avenue of limes, and, crossing a cane-piece, reached the hedge of citron trees which separated the estate of his employer, Count de Noé, from that of M. Joly, without meeting with any adventure. Then making his way through a gap in the fence, he got down, by a steep bank, into a smooth, wide road, shaded, on both sides, by lime-trees, and, occasionally, by palm and pimento, which led to the Bay de L'Acul; and accomplishing the distance before the dawn, put himself on board a little schooner, and sailed for Baltimore in Maryland.

When Toussaint saw his master embarked in safety, he passed through many cotton plantations and tobacco fields, and, reaching the summit of Morne Rouge, went back, across the country, to L'Habitation Noé. On his arrival there he found only the walls of the sugar-works standing; the large and elegant substantial stone-built dwelling-house smouldering in flames; scarcely a cane to be seen; and only a dozen or sixteen negroes loitering about their huts, the rest—about a thousand in number—having joined the bandits. Toussaint having now neither master to serve, nor estate to live on, bade adieu to L'Habitation Noé. Catching and saddling a mule that was loitering about the devastated fields, eating cane leaves, he retraced his steps, going towards Cape François, with the intention of taking up his dwelling there, and living with some of his relations. He travelled over a generally low and flat country, riding leisurely. On reaching that part of his journey where the Chemin de l'Acul and the Chemin de la Coupe de Limbé join by the river Sallée, he was accosted by a party of bandits, at the head of whom as usual was Dessalines.

"Stand, you damned black rascal," shouted Dessalines, in a stentorian and authoritative voice. "Where are you going to?"

"What is that to you?" was the rejoinder of Toussaint L'Ouverture, in an equally loud and commanding tone.

"Join us, or we murder you," said Dessalines.

"But we wage not war against the blacks—only against the whites. Come, then, and join us, and you shall have every thing you want, the houses and the wives, and the freedom of the white men."

"I care not for the houses and the wives," replied Toussaint L'Ouverture, "but only for the freedom of the whites."

A loud shout drowned the remainder of his speech, and the bandits, gathering round him, bore him off in triumph, and carried him to the Haut du Cape, where the rest of their comrades were assembled, and where Toussaint L'Ouverture exchanged his whip for a sabre, becoming a soldier instead of a postillion.

It so happened that Toussaint L'Ouverture was an educated negro: he knew both how to read and write, and, being a man of great ability, he soon placed himself at the head of all the bandits, and brought under control Dessalines, Biasson, and the most refractory of them. The rebels at this time amounted to upwards of 100,000; and this formidable force Toussaint rendered invincible, by organising into an army. He gave military titles, and a particular kind of uniform, a blue coat with scarlet cuffs and collar, gilt buttons, gold epaulettes, and white gaiters and neckcloths, after the style of the French regimentals; and this gay and handsome dress doubtless induced many of the negroes, from their partiality to a gaudy attire, to join the army.

The sanguinary war which then ensued between the blacks and whites lasted for ten years; and all efforts to vanquish the negroes proving ineffectual, the island was proclaimed independent of France on the 8th of July, 1801; and Toussaint L'Ouverture, who had liberated his country, and been the commander in chief of all the forces, was appointed Governor of the Black Republic.

While he was in this height of power, his old master, M. Bayon de Libertas, hearing of his success in life, returned to Haiti, thinking that he might, under the protection of Toussaint, live safely on some property. Never was a man more deceived. Immediately on landing on the quay at Cape François he was captured by some soldiers drawn up in array, with fixed bayonets, and marched in chains to the Black's camp at Breda. He was there brought before a court-martial, composed of twelve black general officers, by whom he was condemned to be hanged the next morning. Meanwhile he was imprisoned in a dilapidated building, situated in the midst of a rich valley, and secured with strong iron bars. When left alone in his prison to night and darkness, he stretched himself out in silent agony upon his couch of dried sugar-canes,



officers in the Blacks' army, were assembled at the house of Toussaint's old aide-de-camp, the black general, Chavney, at Port-au-Prince.

"It is very certain," observed one of them, "that we all agree in one point — to defend General Toussaint with our lives and fortunes. Just now some men are rising up at Arcahay and Boucassin, and on the prairies between the mountains Selle and Mardigras, to restore General Toussaint to the confidence of the army. Let us place ourselves at the head of these worthy people, who have assembled in the general's cause."

This was universally assented to by the company; and in a week after a rumor was afloat in Haiti, that there was an insurrection in the interior and on the west coast.

While this rumor was in circulation, one morning, shortly after the breakfast hour, the governor and commander-in-chief of the republic, Dessalines, holding in his hand a gold-headed cane as a symbol of his office, came out of a room in the Palace of Sans Souci, followed by a fat black officer of rank, clad in a blue coat richly embroidered with gold, and having a long sword dangling at his side, and spurs attached to the heels of his Hessian boots.

"Go, aide-de-camp, to the Cape," said Dessalines, "and tell General La Plume to inform General Le Clerc that I will come over to the French with all the Haitians, unless General Toussaint regains his influence, which seems very likely, as the negroes are rising in his cause. And tell General La Plume to inform General Le Clerc — you hear me, aide-de-camp?"

"Yes, your Excellency."

"— to take prisoner General Toussaint, who is just now staying at L'Ouverture, his house at Gonaives, not far from St. Marc."

The aide-de-camp made his bow and exit from the presence of the governor, and, mounting his horse, rode away at full gallop toward the capital.

A few days after, in the dead of night, a French man-of-war, *L'Héro*, a 74 gun-ship, attended by a small Creole frigate, was standing in toward Calm Beach, near Gonaives. Troops immediately landed in several boats, and surrounded the house of Toussaint, while General Brunet and Le Clerc's aide-de-camp, Ferrari, entered, with a file of grenadiers, the chamber of the black general, where he lay wrapt in slumber. The French general demanded his instant surrender.

"I submit," said Toussaint, seeing his room crowded with armed soldiers, "but take not with me my feeble wife and my harmless child."

"They must come with you," said the generals, sternly.

Toussaint, with his family, was hurried that night on board *L'Héro*, and the ship immediately sailed for France. On its arrival at Brest, Toussaint was conveyed in a close carriage, under a strong escort of cavalry, to the Castle of Joux, in Franche-Comté, and thence to Besançon. There he was immured in a cold and damp dungeon, and there, accustomed for sixty years to a West Indian climate, he perished for want of warmth and air, on the 27th of April, 1803.

This act did not gain Bonaparte St. Domingo. Dessalines, behaving with treachery, instead of joining the French, placed himself at the head of large bodies of troops, and, renewing the struggle for liberty, succeeded in the attempt; and, Toussaint L'Ouverture being removed out of the way of his ambition, he was proclaimed, on the 8th of October, 1804, on the plains near Port-au-Prince, the Emperor of Haiti. But he did not long enjoy this exalted dignity. Charles Bellair, a Congo negro, the nephew of Toussaint, rose up against him, and vowing that he would lay "the rash black villain," (as he styled Dessalines,) "dead at his feet," addressed numerous assemblies of negroes on the subject, and expatiated, at the same time, on the virtues of his uncle. The negroes had feeling minds: they surrounded him and wept as they listened to him.

"When Massa General Toussaint was alive and in fortune, he gib-a we arl, and ebery one, ebery ting," they said.

"A hundred hands," exclaimed an enthusiastic old negro, named Cuffy, holding out both his hands to Charles Bellair; "a hundred hands you shall hab ebery day, Massa Charles, to kill de Emperor."

"We need but one hand," said Charles Bellair, "and that is Gattie's."

The negroes cowered on hearing that name; Gattie was the public executioner. He was a Chamba negro, who had come from Africa, where he had learnt the art of taking off a man's head with one stroke of his sabre, and without staining the shirt-collar with blood. On account of his dreadful office, he was feared by all his tribe and shunned by them. So he lived by himself in a cave, in a thick grove of forest trees in the highest part of the mountains of Cibao, which are the loftiest chain of mountains in Haiti. He was seated at the entrance of his cave one afternoon, on a mound, boiling a kettle of pepper-pot, (the favorite soup of the negroes), when Charles Bellair came to him. Gattie had on, as usual, only trousers, and the upper part of his body, from his shoulders to his waist being quite bare, exhibited a skin as black as a coal and as sleek as a water rat's. A sabre slung by his side told his fatal duties.

"Good morning, Gattie!" "How day, Mas-

sa?" "I have business for you, Gattie." "Me glad to hear um, Massa. P'raps he to bink off some one's head, eh?" The other nodded. "How much you gib-a me, Massa?" "The victim's clothes — very fine clothes, Gattie — and ten Joes." "By Gole!" "And it is the Emperor's head that you must strike off." "By Gum! dat wort' twenty Joes." "And twenty Joes I'll give you, Gattie. Come along. I will lead you the way, and when I show you that dog of a fellow, let me see your sword flash and his head roll to the ground."

Gattie rose to his feet with a low chuckle, perhaps at the other's emotions, or, more probably, at the mention of his own exploits. However, he followed Charles Bellair down the mountain's side.

It was late in the afternoon of the 17th of October, 1807. The last gleam of twilight had just sunk into the obscurity of night. A deep silence reigned in the neighbourhood of Pont Rouge, broken only by the roll of drums and the peal of martial music. Dessalines, the Emperor, was advancing, in military pomp, to meet his advanced guard at Port-au-Prince. As he was passing the bridge over the river Cul-de-Sac, the moon was a good way up the horizon. Peaceful and light clouds, blanched with her beams, rolled over her disk; and, darting snatches of uncertain light, she chased away, at intervals, the partial darkness which hung over the mountain tops. Before Dessalines, the forest, moved by the night wind, waved up and down in dark and crowded undulations. Many objects, diminished by distance, suddenly issued from the gloomy forest, and immediately lost themselves beneath the shadows of accumulated clouds which intercepted the moon-light.

"You see those people yonder?" said Dessalines, in his usual quick and hasty manner, to a general of his staff. "Who are they?"

"They are not the advanced guard, your Majesty," said the general.

Assisted by the moonlight, which struggled

through some spongy clouds, Dessalines saw the body of men bearing onward toward him. In their speedy motions and indignant countenances he might have read his death-warrant. His looks wandered over their closely serried body, in anxiety, as he watched them form themselves in platoons and slowly load their guns. The platoon then advanced, and halted within gun-shot of him. He heard the word, "Make ready." In anticipation of the next order, he shouted aloud to them, and rode forward with amazing courage to chastise them with his cane. He had nearly reached them, when a voice cried out, "Now Gattie, take your victim!"

A little black man, panting for breath, ran forward, his unsheathed sabre flashing bright in the moonbeam.

Dessalines retreated, speaking with desperate anger:—"Rebels! traitors all!"—he said—"do with me as you like; but, bear witness, I die, as I have lived, a brave soldier!"

Scarcely had these words left his lips, when his head (taken off by one stroke of Gattie's sabre) rolled from his shoulders to the ground. He fell without a groan.

"The tyrant is no more. Rejoice!" said the Congo negro. "Now on to St. Marc. We will make the good Christophe our Emperor."

The morning of the morrow dawned sunless on the scene of slaughter. The mutilated carcass of the Emperor was, meanwhile, consigned to the silent tomb. His fate created no sympathy among the people, the justice of his doom being universally acknowledged; and his murderers made no expiation for their crimes at a human tribunal. But Nemesis, who punishes unrelentingly, all criminals—if not with her right, with her left hand—caused Charles Bellair to make atonement for his murderous deed, a few years after, by being shot to death, as a prisoner of war, in the Champs-de-Mars, at the back of the Grandes Casernes, or barracks, in the City of Cape Français.

— Douglas Jerrold's Magazine.

## ROLLO AND HIS RACE.

*Rollo and his Race; or, Footsteps of the Normans.* By ACTON WARBURTON. Two vols. Bentley.

Read in the right spirit, this is a very interesting and charming work. A man of elegant mind, of delicate and lively perceptions, habituated to regard the picturesque, whether in the aspect of nature, or the history of mankind

—rambles loiteringly over a country which is to the modern inhabitant of Northern Europe what the Doric Peloponnesus might have been to the Dorian colonist of Sicily or Byzantium, and gives us, with honest enthusiasm, not unmingled with fervid prejudices, his impressions of the present, blent with his recollections of the past.

It is impossible to describe befittingly the Norman land, without touching upon the Nor-



man architecture, — and without a sentiment of reverence for the noble relics of that grand art which records in stone the chronicle and character of a race. Mr. Warburton writes on this enticing theme, with all "its vexed subjects," in a spirit that will provoke many dissentients from his taste. We do not agree with his scorn of the pointed arch, nor his execration of the Tudor innovations. But, *de gustibus non disputandum*; and we content ourselves with observing that Mr. Warburton's reflection will convince him that he has not hit upon the truth, when he supposes that the Norman style of architecture, like the Norman mind, was formed "by the appearances of Nature — long nights, unending frosts, limitless wilds," &c. (in short the aspects of a Norwegian clime and land) — "all tending to nourish the idea of perpetuity," and so "expressed in the salient feature of the architectural style that bears his name, viz., the circular arch." For Mr. Warburton should surely recollect that it was not till our friend the Norman had got out of these "unending frosts and limitless wilds," and ensconced himself comfortably in Neustria, that the idea of "perpetuity expressed in the circular arch" ever entered into his head. In his native Norway, so far from thinking about architectural perpetuity, he was contented with his log huts; and even the palaces of his kings were built but of timber. It was as he contemplated the works of that civilization into which he had forced himself, that he saw (not invented) the circular arch already existing in half the Roman churches throughout Christendom; and with the marvellous adaptability which was the true characteristic of the Scandinavian, he borrowed what he beheld. Far from this "perpetuity principle" in institutions, character, &c., being the attribute of the Norman, it was precisely because he was the least rigid, the most supple, plastic, and accommodating of mortals — that he became the civilizer and ruler wherever he was thrown. In France he becomes French, in England English, in Italy Italian, in Novgorod Russian; in Norway only, where he remained Norwegian, he failed to accomplish his elevated mission.

Above all men (and of this truth Mr. Warburton is not sufficiently sensible) the Norman was an imitator, and therefore an improver. Wherever his neighbours invented or possessed something worthy of admiration, the sharp, inquisitive Norman poked his aquiline nose. Did Sicily invent a better kind of helmet, instantly the Norman clapped it on his head. Did the Moore or the Breton breathe sentiment into a ballad, the Norman lay forthwith adopted the humanizing music. From a Franc castle or Lombard church, to a law by Canute or a witan

under Athelstan, the Norman was always a practical plagiarist. Wherever what we now call the march of intellect advanced, there was the sharp, eager face of the Norman in the van. All that he retained, in his more genial settlement, of his ancestral attributes, were the characteristics of a seaman. He was essentially commercial; he liked adventure and he liked gain. He was also a creature social and gregarious. He always intermarried with the population in which he settled, borrowed its language, adopted its customs, reconciled himself to its laws; and confirmed the aristocracy of conquest, by representing, while elevating, the character of the people with which he so closely identified himself.

Even in Ireland it is remarkable to see how much better the Norman families, such as the De Burghs, the Fitzgeralds, &c. amalgamate with the Celtic population than the later Saxon immigrants, who for the most part form a class perfectly apart. The fact is, that the Norman was especially an amalgamator; the Saxon, on the contrary, is a sad exterminator. The contrast in this between the Saxon's conquest of Britain, and the Norman's conquest of Saxon England, is striking. If a body of Normans had colonized America, we firmly believe that they would have intermingled with the Indians, and raised that semi-savage population to their own level. The stubborn Saxon drives them into their wilds and forests, and civilizes for himself alone. On the flood of Saxon immigration nothing floats but the Saxon.

Mr. Warburton is too partial to be discriminating, but his partiality has a charm. He exaggerates the virtues of the Norman, or rather, he leaves out of sight the concomitant vices. He forgets the proverbial cunning or astuteness of his favorite ideal — its avarice and rapacity — qualities which the Norman possessed as long as he was Norman, and only lost as he became fused in the general character of the population in which he was settled. As long as he was (at first in Neustria, at first in Sicily, at first in England), one of a garrison amidst a subject population, he could not help being cunning. He was constrained for his safety to have recourse to the *ruses* of a camp — and as long as he was lusting after some "*bel manoir*" that belonged to his neighbour, we do not see how he could help being greedy and rapacious. But Mr. Warburton does not exaggerate the astonishing influence for good which this remarkable race have exercised, especially in their noblest settlement — England. No one who has not paid some attention to our Saxon poetry, with its most artificial structure, its meretricious alliterations, its tedious, unanimated tone, relieved

it is true by some exquisite descriptions, and an ethical allegorical spirit (as in the song of the Phoenix), can be aware how thoroughly it differs from the genius of our existing national muse, — and how much, immediately from the Anglo-Norman, and his kinsman the Anglo-Dane (though perhaps remotely from the Saracen,) we derive of sentiment, vivacity, character, passion, simple construction, easy humor, and true pathos, — all, in short, that now especially distinguish the poetic and popular literature of England. But for the Norman and the Dane, we think it probable that we might have had writers like Thomson, Young, and Wordsworth, — but we feel a strong conviction that we should have wanted Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakspeare. No one who has not made himself familiar with the wretched decrepitude of the Saxon Church, its prostrate superstition and gross ignorance, at the age preceding the Conquest, can appreciate the impetus given to learning by the Norman ecclesiastics; and no one who has not studied the half-organized empire of disconnected provinces and rebellious earldoms under the Confessor, with laws of succession both to the throne and to lordship most irregular, can comprehend all the advantage derived from the introduction of an hereditary aristocracy, singularly independent and high-spirited — quickly infusing its blood and its character into the native population — leaguering its own interests with those of the whole subject community — and headed by a line of monarchs who, whatever their vices and crimes, had at least the power to defend the land from all other invaders, and the wisdom to encourage the trade and the commerce which have ultimately secured to England at once its fame and its freedom.

Even war, both civil and foreign, became an agent of good under the sway of these kindly,\* if turbulent, lords. The chiefs were in want of the people — and they became also in want of money. Popular rights soon grew acknowledged. First burghs, then peasants, became enfranchized; and the solid mass of bondage under the Anglo-Saxons, with its divisions of subject Ceorl and enslaved Theowe, rapidly melted away. Our society soon resolved itself into its great elements, King, Lords, and Commons; and in the gripe of the Normans, the unwieldy dismembered empire was compressed into symmetry, and hardened into strength.

We can afford to do justice to this race, — for, as a distinct class, it is vanished from

amongst us; its body is gone, though its spirit remains. It did its office; it poured its fresh, vigorous blood into the worn-out Saxon; but it is the Saxon man thus rejuvenated that breathes, and moves, and lives. No greater mistake can be committed than that so common with the French and some of our own writers — the mistake to suppose that the bulk of our landed aristocracy are of Norman origin; that there is any distinction of race between our patrician classes and the plebeian. All such distinctions, indeed, ceased to be perceptible under the earlier Plantagenets. Already the heirs of the first Norman invaders were the descendants of English mothers. But as the wars of the Roses finally swept away the old ruling families, we find Saxons of pure origin rising everywhere into the ascendancy. Not now discussing a question liable to dispute, viz., what was the precise extent of spoliation and dispossession at the Conquest (though we think, at least, that it has been greatly exaggerated,) it is certain that the bulk of the Saxon proprietors continued under the great barons to hold their lands in fief. As these great barons vanished, those Saxon proprietors emerged; and now form the body of our territorial aristocracy.

A glance at the names of our Peerage will suffice to show how Saxon or Saxon-Danish proprietors are predominant amongst all the creations subsequent to Henry the VIIth. In our great dukedoms, Cavendish and Russell are names emphatically Saxon. The old Norman houses of Fitzalan, Mowbray, and Maltravers, are represented by the direct heir of the Saxon Howards. The great Norman house of Percy is blent with the blood of a yet older family in England, the Smithsons (a name that speaks at once of the Northumbrian Anglo-Dane.) The mirror of all chivalry, Sidney, comes from Saxon fathers; the model of all country gentlemen, Hampden, from the Saxon-Danes. In most of the counties, the oldest names amongst our landed gentry manifest English descent. In Kent, for instance, the Oxendens, Honeywoods, Knatchbulls, Derings, Hodges, &c. In Norfolk, Jerningham, Walpole, Woodhouse, Bedingfield,\* Wigget (the last derived from *Wig*, viz., a warrior, a name as genuinely Saxon as in the days of Alfred.) North of the Humber, and in Cambridgeshire, Huntindonsire, and Lincolnshire, we recognize names that speak trumpet-tongued of the early Dane settlers — Thorold, Trollope, "Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves,"

\* William of Malmesbury, especially, says that the Norman nobles were kindly masters, — much more so in England than they were in Normandy. Froissart attributes the insolence of the England common people to their being so well off compared with the villeins of the Continent.

\* In Norfolk, the proprietors were generally Anglo-Danish before the Conquest, and some names quoted are rather significant of that part of the English family than of Saxon kindred, but at all events they are decidedly not Norman.



Cromwell, Lambton. Most of the names ending in *son* or in *by*, such as Coningsby, Willoughby, are peculiarly Danish patronymics. In short, despite all the ingenuity of fabulous genealogies, the majority of our most ancient aristocracy is as thoroughly English, ante-dating from the Conquest, as the ploughmen in our fields, or the tradesmen in our shops.

We have left ourselves, unfortunately, small space for extracts from Mr. Warburton's volumes; but we must find room for the very interesting description of the Chateau D'Eu.

"This tranquil-looking spot seems always to have possessed an anomalous attraction for fierce spirits. Napoleon set his heart upon it, and it was actually purchased for him by the Senate; but England provided for the Emperor another domain, and the chateau, with the furniture and portraits, though with greatly diminished dependencies, was restored to the daughter of the Duke of Penthièvre, mother of Louis Philippe.

"The exterior presents a vast oblong building of brick, propped with stone pilasters, and surmounted by an irregular slated roof; the whole immediately bringing the Tuileries to your recollection.

"The park contains forty hectares. The lower part, which is not visible from the castle, is after the present fashion. Here the classic taste of the seventeenth century has been *brusqued* by the romantic spirit of the modern English garden; winding walks, scattered shrubs and trees, ponds of all shapes and sizes, white swans sailing by green islands, aquatic plants of all kinds, and willows weeping over banks of sward that take (as fancy might say) their verdure from the tears.

"The upper park, commanded by the windows of the chateau, is laid out in terraces, and planted by Le Notre. It consists of a large square plot of ground, divided by cruciform walks, and disposed in formal beds. A stone deity stands at each corner of the plot, and the metrical cadence of a fountain in the midst distributes order through the whole. Beyond the flower-beds, the park reaches away until it disappears in the perspective of lofty elms and beeches, that bound it on either side. From the open space innumerable alleys of trees vista off to right and left, forming, with their interlacing branches, many a beautiful aisle — beautiful, but so serious withal, that no excitement of the moonlight or soft air would justify the most frivolous fairy in dancing anything less solemn than a minuet upon the sward below.

"The window of the King's study was open; a fit spot to stand and gaze upon the scene. 'Twas impossible not to feel how well the severe disposition of the trees, and the mournful regularity of the *parterres* accorded with the grave recollections of the place. How often must the great man to whom the castle now belongs, look from that window upon the historic spot, comparing its chequered destiny with his own eventful life.

"There are few indeed can look back on a career so full of vicissitude, as the present King of the French. Fate has crowded into his seventy-four years, such an amount of hardship, danger, and extremes of condition, as seldom fall to the lot of man. Fortunately for France, happily for the peace of the world, he has survived them all. The fates seem to hover round his hale old age, as loath to touch a life on which so much depends."

Alas, and alas! Certainly the Fates hovered long, and when they pounced at last, who could have foreseen that they would have dropped their victim, "*se sua virtute involvens*," wrapped in his virtue and his pea-jacket, into the parlor at the little inn of Newhaven.

Mr. Warburton has a very happy art in blending external description with historical reference or illustration, — take, from among many, the following passages:

"The scenery of the Seine is beautiful here, and a boat bears you pleasantly up the river towards Jumièges. On the right, opposite Villequier, lies buried deep among the richly-wooded hills, the lovely Caudebec. It was the favorite haunt of the painter Vernet, who used to gaze day after day upon this exquisite landscape; the parti-colored town, with "its face fixed upon the flood," and the beautiful church — "*La plus belle chapelle*," said Henry IV, "*que j'ai encore vu*." Then passing La Mailleraie and Le Lendin, we come to Jumièges.

"At one time the right bank of the Seine from Rouen to the sea presented a succession of monastic establishments. The Abbey of Jumièges was the most remarkable of these. It had existed from the time of Clovis, and was celebrated for its beauty, its wealth, the number and holiness of its inmates. Among its abbots were some of the most illustrious names of France. The church was in a decaying state in the time of Longsword, who rebuilt and enlarged it in 940. It was again added to, and beautified, by the Abbot Robert, in 1067. The Huguenots first, and afterwards the Revolutionists, visited the abbey with especial destruction, and now all remaining of the once famous establishment, is the gate of the conventual building which has been turned into a dwelling-house, and the ruins of the Norman Church.

Again —

"We are now gliding down the Seine by Elbeuf, Rouen, St. George de Bocherville, Jumièges, Caudebec, Tancarville, Lillebonne to Havre. He who with a hearkening imagination has floated down the silver stream has learned lessons of history he will not soon forget. All nations of the western world, — the Celts, the Gauls, the Romans, the Saxons, the Franks, the Normans, the French, the English, — have encountered each other on its waters, and dyed them with their blood. The sword has thrown its gleam upon the wave, the fagots of the Inquisition their glare. The prayers of the clergy,

the war-cry of the nobles, the groans of the people, have in turn mingled with the echo of its course. The bigot fury of the Huguenots, the vain conspiracies of the League, the idle war of the Fronde,—the poor glory of a Louis XIV., the infamy of a Louis XV., and crowning all, the tremendous scenes of the Revolution. This the silent witness has beheld that glides beneath our boat and smiling bears it on.

"But it may be that its smile is for other histories than these. Rich and prosperous towns, verdant meads, and fertile fields, fringe its course to the sea, and on its ample bosom are borne the products of the artizan's skill, the toils of the laborer, the freights of the merchant,—and shall I speak of softer tales than it could tell? Those four tremendous letters before which the old world trembled—S P Q R—have been reflected in its waters, and passed away; but the influence of four other letters lingers yet, and will, while those waters flow—shall I speak of—LOVE? Of the village dances on the banks,—the moonlight *fêtes* upon the summer waves, the vows that have been sworn, the hearts that have been plighted by the old river-side?

"There is but one epithet—as is proper, a French one—that can correctly describe the character of the Seine from Havre to Rouen. It is not savage, it is not soft, it is not grand, neither is it highly picturesque; but it is beyond all others that I know—*riante*."

Few readers, we apprehend, will read passages like these without being charmed with their natural sentiment, their graceful eloquence, and felicitous style.

In the second edition, to which we trust his work will arrive, we recommend Mr. Warburton to erase a *nouvellette*, in which an old legend with a De Courcy for its hero is dressed up as a modern love story;—to revise his note on the tapestry of Bayeux (the French authority he quotes is a sad blunderer—let him consult Mr. Gurney's paper on this celebrated stitchwork in the *Archæologia*);—and especially to omit the fabulous portrait of Rollo now prefixed to his work, in which the whole costume is one anachronism.

In conclusion, with some inaccuracies in detail, with much debateable matter in doctrine, Mr. Warburton has done ample credit to a name already so distinguished by the literary talent of his brothers, and has produced a book always animated by eloquence, and attractive by genuine feeling and lively enthusiasm. And in tracing the monuments of a race, so emphatically the fathers of gentlemen,—a gentleman's refined taste and nature heighten every excellence, and extenuate many faults.—*Examiner*.

## COLLECTANEA.

### NATIONAL PREJUDICES.

From the moment in which the exercise of certain expressions of good will is exclusively directed to the body, the class, or nation to which we belong, and is denied to others—from the moment in which they break out into words and deeds of antipathy—from the moment in which the fact that a fellow man speaks a different language, or lives under a different government, constitutes him an object of contempt, abhorrence, or misdoings—from that moment it is maleficent. A toast, for example, in America has been given, "Our country, right or wrong!" which is in itself a proclamation of malefiance; and if brought into operation, might lead to crimes and follies on the widest conceivable field—to plunder, murder, and all the consequences of unjust wars. Not less blameworthy was the declaration of a prime minister of this country "That England—nothing but England—formed any portion of his care or concern." An enlarged philanthropy indeed might have given to both expressions a Deontological meaning, since the true interests of nations, as the true interests of individuals, are equally those of prudence

and benevolence; but the phrases were employed solely to justify wrong, if that wrong were perpetrated by the land or government which we call our own. Suppose a man were to give as a toast, in serious earnest, "Myself, right or wrong!" Yet the above assumptions of false patriotism, both in America and England, are founded on no better principle.—*Bentham*.

### MAXIMS ON MONEY.

The art of living easily as to money, is to pitch your scale of living one degree below your means. Comfort and enjoyment are more dependent upon easiness in the detail of expenditure than upon one degree's difference in the scale. Guard against false associations of pleasure with expenditure—the notion that because pleasure can be purchased with money, therefore money cannot be spent without enjoyment. What a thing costs a man is no true measure of what it is worth to him; and yet how often is his appreciation governed by no other standard, as if there were a pleasure in expenditure *per se*. Let yourself feel a want before you provide



against it. You are more assured that it is real want; and it is worth while to feel it a little, in order to feel the relief from it. When you are undecided as to which of two courses you would like best, choose the cheapest. This rule will not only save money, but save also a good deal of trifling indecision. Too much leisure leads to expense; because when a man is in want of objects, it occurs to him that they are to be had for money, and he invents expenditures in order to pass the time. — *Taylor's Notes from Life.*

### SHORT REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

FRANCE AND ENGLAND: A Vision of the Future. By M. DE LAMARTINE. Translated from the French. New Edition, 24mo. H. G. Clarke and Co.

This book will be received and recognised in a very different manner by different classes of readers. The high Conservative who believes, or asserts that he believes, that all things are arranged for the best, and that it is human nature itself that prevents any further improvement in human affairs, will cast away the book as the far-rago of an insane, if not an evil-disposed man. "The practical politician," as he styles himself, who has mastered, as he thinks, the formula of public affairs; whose text-book is Adam Smith, and his guides the successive political economists who have amended or garbled the original work; who has no faith in philosophy or human nature; who endeavours to condense the principles that govern human society into arithmetical statements; and whose only remedy for the appalling evils that consume millions of human beings within our "happy land," is some petty legislation to be wrung from Parliament by threadbare debates; will pronounce this book the insane dream of a dangerous enthusiast. Far different, however, will be the decision of the thousands of laboring, toiling, suffering men — men who have intelligence to understand the unequal position in which class legislation has placed them. This country now teems with many such. To them the game of politics that has been playing for so many hundred years has but little significance. They find that they toil more and reap less; that their energies are being over-taxed; the natural constitution of their class is degenerating under it; and they have no political means of bettering themselves. To such, and to those more cultivated minds whose sympathies are not bounded by class, and whose studies and tastes have led them to the consideration of a more equitable system of legislation, this little book will be most welcome. Its lofty views; its pure and noble sentiments; its enlarged and penetrating principles; will expand their feelings, and fill with

hope and joy every mind that has been anxiously awaiting the dawn of an era promising something like justice to the many. It comes also with double effect, now that the theory is being tested; now that the opening of the prophecy is being so magnificently fulfilled. We read with the same sort of gratified but awful sensation, as when, having calculated an eclipse, we see the great machinery of the heavens realizing to the eye the calculations of the brain.

The form of the book, even by some of those who kindle to the principles, may be objected to. It may be thought that the frippery of fiction was not needed to set forth such serious and high matter. But it must be recollected that the work was written five years since, when there was but little prospect, even to the sagacious mind of its author, of any part of the vision being so rapidly realized. For one man who was then sufficiently elevated to perceive the coming events, a hundred thousand may now be reckoned, who are convinced, by the fulfilment of a portion of the theory. The prophet is seldom confided in, though he is deified when the result is perceived.

All classes, however, are interested in the work, as it may be taken as an indication of M. De Lamartine's opinion on many points of social legislation. It is, indeed, an index to the course of his political studies, if not of his present opinions. It treats, in his ever masculine and elevated style, of all that can affect the social organization of the state; and, though of wider meaning and larger scope, must be placed in the category of political allegories. It is of the same class as "Gulliver's Travels," "The Adventures of an Atom," "Erskine's Armata," and "Disraeli's Captain Popanilla;" and all the numerous volumes that have sprung from the Utopia and the Gargantua. The exceeding interest of the political disquisitions, bearing so instantly as they do on impending circumstances, prevents any disquisition on it as a merely literary production. Perhaps it may be justly said that the allegorical machinery is not so cleverly constructed as in the works we have referred to; but then the eloquence of the style in which the political principles are developed, and the remarkable foreknowledge of political events since realized, far outweigh any such trivial deficiencies.

The work is so short and so cheap that we shall not seek to make our article a substitute, but, heartily recommending it to the perusal of every one interested in the great public events of the day, conclude with a few samples of its style and its tone: —

#### THE LABORER.

"But the fight is not fought yet, for the injus-

tice is not yet quite repaired; the operative has succeeded the serf and the slave; his labor is so excessive and so ill paid, that it is adverse to the complete and regular maturity of his body, his intellect, and his morals; however long his work, it does not bring in enough to satisfy his common wants, and *à fortiori* to provide for his wife and children; he is therefore exposed, he and his, to penury and brutishness, that is, to all infirmities, physical, intellectual, and moral. In a word, the poor man is *used up* by the rich; labor is ground down by the cupidity of capitalists in an unjust, inhuman manner; because there is violation of the rights and interests of the one to the exclusive profit of the other. Now, where-soever the relationship between capital and labor are not based in justice, that is, on reciprocal advantage, there is ever a struggle; the greater the injustice the more violent the strife."

#### UNIVERSAL ENFRANCHISEMENT.

"In the beginning, as always happens when experience is deficient, some temporary embarrassment, some abuses of detail, resulted from this enfranchisement; but the false steps served as practical lessons. Men in power are only to be formed by the management of affairs: the most capable men need to acquire habit, and the most ignorant soon learn to select those most conversant with their interests. Discussion speedily enlightens the masses, and common-sense must prevail. The more we engage in every thing useful to a common end, the more attached we become to it, and desire its success and conservation. This direct or indirect share in local administration ought then to be as general as possible; and the freer the decisions, the more their importance is felt. It is that common activity, intelligent and impassioned, which constitutes the inner life of localities, which inculcates in each man the love of his natal soil, and devotion to the country of which he feels himself an integral portion: it is that inner life of all the parts which confers on the body social its vigor, its power of resistance against the external causes of destruction."

#### THE GREATER AND THE LESSER EVIL.

"I lament these calamities as much as yourself. We must deplore private misfortunes, and endeavour to diminish them as much as possible; but we ought never to lose sight of the general result. There can be no progress without many interests being injured. It is doubtless a hard destiny; but it is found every where inevitable, and inflexible like the laws which govern matter, and in the end great advantage to the greatest number always results from it."

### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

#### THE CUMING COLLECTION OF SHELLS.

The study of the shells which are inhabited by the various forms of molluscous animals is not the least interesting and attractive branch

of Natural History; and there are few objects in the animal kingdom which have been collected with greater diligence or preserved with more care. Such has been sometimes the solicitude to procure rare specimens, that hundreds of pounds have been spent on their purchase; and collectors have been known to destroy their duplicates for the sake of increasing the value of single examples. Although the spirit which has actuated the shell-collector has not always been a love of science, there can be little doubt that the zoologist of the present day is deeply indebted for his knowledge of the species of Mollusca to those who have collected them simply for the sake of their beautiful forms and colors. At first sight it might be supposed that a knowledge of the forms of the various species of shell-fish was of comparatively little importance; but when it is recollected how abundant they are in the ocean,—that various species of them inhabit different depths of water,—that they were not less abundant in previous periods,—and that they form the most characteristic animal remains of the various strata of the earth—it will be seen that an acquaintance with their forms is capable of important practical applications, as well as of throwing light on the difficult problems of the science of geology. It is in this point of view that a collection of shells is to be regarded not as a show for children, but as a means of instruction in a valuable branch of science.

It is not perhaps generally known that one of the most splendid collections of shells in the world is at this moment in the possession of a private individual in London. The gentleman who has made and possesses it, is Mr. Hugh Cuming: and it consists of upwards of 19,000 species or well-marked varieties, from all parts of the world. Of many of the species and varieties, there are several specimens;—making in all about 60,000 shells. Not only is every specimen of this vast collection entire, but in every other respect—such as form, color, texture, and other characters—the shells are most perfect. We have the authority of Prof. Owen for stating "that no public collection in Europe possesses one half the number of species of shells that are now in the Cumingian collection,"—and that probably "one third the number would be the correct statement as regards the national museums in Paris and Vienna."

This vast museum has been entirely collected by the energy and perseverance of its possessor. By the possession of a large number of duplicates of rare specimens, he has had the command, by exchange to a greater or less extent, of all the conchological cabinets at present in existence; and—as Prof. Owen, in a letter



published in "The Annals of Natural History," on Mr. Cuming's museum, has justly observed — "he is better known, and his labors are more truly and generally appreciated in any city or town in Europe having a public natural history museum and its zoölogical professor than in busy London." The labors of Mr. Cuming, however, have not been confined to exchanging specimens with European and American naturalists. It was necessary that he should himself possess a collection of specimens of the greatest rarity before he could place in his cabinets, by exchange, the rarities of other collectors. This he has done by devoting a life of excessive activity to travelling in almost every part of the known world. "Not restricting," says Prof. Owen, "his pursuit to the stores and shops of the curiosity-mongers of our sea-ports, or depending on casual opportunities of obtaining rarities by purchase, he has devoted more than thirty of the best years of his life in arduous and hazardous personal exertions,—dredging, diving, wading, wandering,—under the equator, and through the temperate zones, both north and south, in the Atlantic, in the Pacific, in the Indian Ocean and the islands of its rich archipelago—in the labor of collecting from their native seas, shores, lakes, rivers, and forests, the marine, fluviatile, and terrestrial mollusks;—60,000 of whose shelly skeletons, external and internal, are accumulated in orderly series in the cabinets with which the floors of his house now groan."

The result of these exertions has been not merely the accumulation of this large number of shells, but Mr. Cuming has been able to record of each both the country where it was found and the exact circumstances in which it has lived and been developed. He has noted the rocks, trees, or herbs from which he has taken the land shells of his collection,—and of his aquatic mollusca, the kind of water whether marine or fresh, the nature of the sea-bottom, the rocks which they bored, and the animal or vegetable on which they fed. These particulars, with many others, give a rare value to Mr. Cuming's museum, and one not possessed to the same extent by any other. Such information is of the utmost importance to the geologist and palæontologist; enabling them, through the structural affinities of the fossil with these recent shells, to indicate those particulars of function and habit that alone can lead to a knowledge of the circumstances under which particular rocks have been formed. The amount of credit which is to be attached to any theory in geology founded on fossil shells must be just in proportion to the facility which we possess of comparing them with recent ones.

Nor is this collection less interesting to the physiologist; most of the specimens being not mere duplicates of a particular stage of growth or age of a species—but parts of a series representing the condition of the shell at various stages of its development. Varieties also have been carefully collected—and the circumstance noted under which their difference from the typical forms of the species has been acquired. In the study of the laws of morphology, as well as in the classification of the animal kingdom, such illustrative specimens are of the highest value and interest; and they may be made to tell upon some of the most difficult problems of Natural History.

In another point of view the specimens in this museum possess great value. Almost ever since the return of Mr. Cuming from his first voyage with his conchological treasures, they have been the source from whence naturalists have derived their specimens for the purposes of description—and many thousands of species thus described are to be found here only. On any future occasion, should these descriptions be doubted or their accuracy rendered suspicious, the only means of correction will be found in the specimens themselves. Just what the museum of Linnæus—now in the possession of the Linnean Society of London—is to the descriptions of Linnæus, will be the Cuming museum to the descriptions of Broderip, Sowerby, Gray, and other eminent conchologists.

We have drawn attention to this extraordinary collection for the purpose of announcing that Mr. Cuming has come to the determination of parting with it. Such a cabinet ought not, in fact, to be in the hands of a private individual. The getting it together would be worthy the ambition of a nation,—and it ought to be made national property. It has been offered by Mr. Cuming to the British Museum at what we understand is an exceedingly low sum—very small compared with what it would fetch were it broken up for sale. We trust that such will not be its fate. Should it be allowed to be sold in parts, it would be an irreparable loss to science:—should it be sold to any other nation than our own it would be a national disgrace. The Trustees of the British Museum have already recommended the Government to purchase for the sum of 6,000*l.*; and a memorial to the same effect, signed by the principal men of science in London has also been presented to her Majesty's Ministers.

We hope that no mistaken economy will prevent the Government from embracing the offer. If they decline they will repent when too late. The fact of the Swedish government having refused the offer of the executors of Linnæus to purchase his museum will be fresh in the minds

of most naturalists. *They* repented when too late; and though they sent a ship in pursuit of the lost treasure, it reached the shores of England—having been purchased by a private English gentleman. It is now looked upon as one of the scientific glories of our metropolis. Let us hope that the English naturalist may not have to cross the channel—or perhaps the sea—to verify the descriptions of his countrymen, as has been the case with the too economical Swedes.

With regard to the amount for which this collection has been offered to the public, Prof. Owen remarks—“That ten times that sum would not bring together such a series as Mr. Cuming has offered to the British Museum, I do firmly believe; from a knowledge of the peculiar tact in discovering and collecting, the hardy endurance of the attendant fatigue under deadly climes and influences, and the undaunted courage in encountering the adverse elements and braving the opposition of the savage inhabitants of seldom visited isles, which have conduced and concurred to crown the labors of Mr. Cuming with a success of which his unrivalled collection is a fitting monument—and of which science, and let us hope its cultivators in his native country more particularly, will long continue to reap the benefits.”—We join heartily with the Professor; and trust that the next time we shall have occasion to allude to the subject it will be to announce that this splendid collection has become the property of the nation.—*Athenæum*.

#### REDGRAVE'S SELF-ACTING PATENT FIRE-ESCAPE.

Fire may be called a danger lurking under every man's roof, for aught he knows to the contrary, and it is remarkable that a people not professing fatalism should take so few precautions, either in their corporate or individual capacities, to provide against it. Engines and fire-brigades are very excellent things, but often enough the interior of a house is half-consumed and retreat cut off before an alarm can be given and responded to. Mr. Redgrave's "Escape" can hardly be made available to the crowded dwellings of the poor on account of its cost (unless through the landlords), but building societies or indeed any builders, might make their houses all the more sought after by introducing the apparatus. It seems to us, moreover, remarkably well adapted for hotels, and all places where there are many sleeping apartments, more especially as in hotels, where there are independent suites of apartments. The apparatus is fitted to the foot of the window-frame, and its top may be used in the day-time as a toilet-table; it presents merely the appearance of a cheffonier. On turn-

ing a handle the machinery throws the window wide open, and presents a ready means of descent—a slope or kind of staircase of strong sacking, projecting from the exterior wall at an angle sufficient to prevent its ignition; besides that, it may be fireproof. One very great advantage of this plan is, that it is altogether self-acting, and therefore the want of presence of mind is no obstacle to its use. We understand that it has been tried, and successfully.

#### "THE IDENTIFIED WORKS OF LORD BYRON."

Many of the periodicals of the day announce under the above title the intended publication of a "Work containing his Lordship's Letters and Journals, and other MSS. in the possession of his Son, Geo. Gordon Byron, Esq." The editor states in his advertisement that "he has been permitted to have the free use of all the poet's own MSS. in the possession of his sister, the Hon. Mrs. Leigh," and that "the most valuable of all his documents have been confided to him by members of the poet's own family." For the purpose, it is presumed, of promoting a more extensive circulation of the work, and, as it were, of giving some color to the supposition that it may be a continued series of the standard edition of his lordship's works, he advertises that it is to be printed "uniform with Mr. Murray's edition of Lord Byron's works." In reference to these statements, we have authority to say, and have evidence to prove, that Lord Byron's family never heard of his lordship having any such son; that he never had any access whatever to any MSS. in the possession of his sister, the Hon. Mrs. Leigh; and that no documents have been confided to him by any of the poet's family. Mr. Murray has, moreover, given us his assurance that he has no connection whatever with the publication in question.—*Examiner*.

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